LINK

An Extraterrestrial Odyssey

The True Story of Alien Contact

DR. JONATHAN REED PhD

ROBERT RAITH

- SPECTRUM INFINITY -

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The True Story of Alien Contact

Written By
Dr. Jonathan Reed and Robert Raith

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Dr Jonathan Reed

Robert Raith

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By Jonathan Reed, with Robert Raith

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This book is dedicated to**:**

Mr. Art Bell

and to All of his Loyal Listeners
throughout the known universe
and possibly beyond.

Through *his* unique and creative Radio Program, Art Bell has given mankind an *open forum* to freely communicate new and different ideas with the freedom to explore new ways of thinking about ourselves and our ever-expanding universe.

And, without his steady support and all of the genuine kindness that we received from truly thousands of courageous people all around the world, we could have never endured all of the vast challenges relating to accomplishing the task of finishing this book.

Thank you – Sincerely
Jonathan Reed ~ Robert Raith

And Special Thanks to:

My Princess

With all of our love
and admiration for
your strength and
unwavering support.
We could have never
accomplished it
without your help.

And In Memory of:
Dolly Georgin

And

Dr. Carl Sagan

And

Gary

Who gave so much in life and challenged us
to keep searching for the truth in all of our
spirited quests.
~Thank You~

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I N T R O D U C T I O N By Robert Raith

Ever since, *the Betty and Barney Hill story* and other early *UFO events* during the last century, there has continued to be an insatiable hunger for more rare information to feed our unanswered questions regarding and possibly verifying the existence of intelligent extraterrestrial alien life in the universe.

As we all productively and systematically go about our repetitive daily lives working 8 to 5, readying the kids for school and stretching our creative imaginations, have you ever just for a moment stopped and pondered the question**:** What if, *your life* as you now know it and everything that you whole-heartedly believe in, was all suddenly distorted, destroyed and taken away from you?
What would you do? Who would *you* tell? Who could *you* trust? And how would *you* survive? And just for a moment, imagine that this all happened to you because of something that you found in the woods and brought home with you. Something, that tears at the very fabric of all humanity. Something, that could change all of our lives forever. Just think about it, what would *you do*?

Most of us, walk through our lives somewhat complacently blind to the simple fact that the governments of the world keep us comfortably in the dark regarding the true realities pertaining to *alien existence,* while hiding behind their politically-driven *black* agendas. We have somehow become accustom to all of the *hidden truths*, believing that it is all part of the price that we must pay for freedom and a good-nights sleep. But have we made a fatal error in turning over our lives to *a select-few*, that we only hope will tell us the truth and guide us all into the '*blue-sky' fantasy* of a better tomorrow? What if, '*they*' have been lying to us all along about more than just politics, the price of a gallon of gasoline and *who's sleeping with who* in the White House? What if *you* found out, that even the truth about human creation, evolution and all of the hallowed-sacred beliefs that we hold at the very foundation of our existence, have been deliberately distorted over the years in order to keep us all blind, afraid and under submissive control. What would *you* do, if you realized that you had *found the proof* that *Alien /*

Extraterrestrial Intelligent-Life, not only exists in the universe but are currently and have been for centuries, secretly interacting with humans here on Earth.

For many years, we have all heard the fantastic stories about countless people who on some dark shadowy moonless nights, see strange lights in the sky, later positively identifying them as *flying-saucers*. Then there are those who offer-up fascinating tales depicting all of the humiliating and painful procedures carried out on them, during *alien encounters and abductions*. And of course, forever permanently etched into our minds is *Roswell*, which has remained the *quintessential alien event* of all time. In all of these cases and many more, there still remains one small missing piece of the puzzle that if found, would truly shed new light on the on-going questions regarding the existence of extraterrestrial-intelligent life. For me, that missing element that seems to almost always elude each and every case, is simply *the proof…*
That is until - *now*. Until I met *Dr. Jonathan Reed* and personally experienced for myself *the proof and physical evidence,* that he brought home with him, during his amazing *extraterrestrial odyssey.*

While hiking in the woods with his dog *Suzy*, Dr. Reed stumbled on, simply one of mankind's *greatest finds* and/or '*questions*' in all of modern time… The *real-truth* concerning the *existence of extraterrestrial-alien life* in the universe.
Written in '*first-person*' *Diary/Interview* format, taken from hundreds of hours of testimony and from his-own personal journal is the emotional evolution of one man, *Dr. Jonathan Reed,* a Ph.D. in the field of *Developmental Research Psychology*, living at the time, (October 1996) in the United States near Seattle, Washington.
Throughout this emotionally devastating and physically paralyzing ordeal, Jonathan takes us with him, '*through the looking-glass'*, to experience the very moment of his startling alien encounter and all the terror and disruption to his life that has since ensued.
Unlike any-other story ever told, Dr. Reed's fascinating account shows us in vivid detail, the traumatic mental images of unforeseen obstacles and mind-bending rewards revealed during this astonishing journey. As if in a continuing nightmare, his serene life has forever been fractured into a heterogeneous enigma. The facts surrounding this incredible and

unforgettable encounter, with the *proof and hard-physical evidence* of extraterrestrial Alien-life, are finally and without question, here today for all to see, witness and experience.

Now, sit back, take in a deep breath and hold on… For what you are about to experience is a *true story* - *with evidence* of profound implications that will change your life, as it has mine and *many-others,* forever.

EVENT DAY ONE – Tuesday, October 15th 1996

CHAPTER ONE

Suzy, my Golden Retriever, moved before me, a shadowy blur against the cool green of the hill. I ran, but Suzy's quick stride prevailed. She flew through the woods, a master of her surroundings; proving ever my teacher. I wondered at her grace and strength, as she climbed the hilly region using her claws and powerful legs, to move over the tough terrain with great speed and agility.

We began our hike, some 15 miles northeast of Snoqualmie Pass, 60 miles east of Seattle in Washington State. In and around the Alpine Lakes Wilderness area, in the Cascade Range. Although somewhat rugged at times, at about 5,100 feet above sea level, the area allowed for a good day of exercise. I have been to many places in the Pacific Northwest for recreation of the outdoor kind, but God only knows why I chose this place, at this time. It is something that may quite well haunt me for the rest of my life. Some may call it destiny, which is ever the enemy of reason. A good friend once told me, that a blind man living on a tight rope knows only of his life on the rope, not of the obvious fate that awaits him, when next a careless step he makes. Is this fate, or just bad timing? I looked around me, hoping for a good trail to explore. My mind captured by the unending beauty of this mid October day. Color seemed to exude from every pore of the earth.

Suzy, oblivious to human contemplation, continued her quest through the woods hunting for some item to occupy her curiosity. It wasn't long, however, before I lost sight of the adventuring animal and scanned the area for any signs of her. I called out her name, "Suzy," but nothing happened. I wasn't immediately concerned, as it was early in the afternoon, about 2:50 according to my watch. Still I knew she was prone to sometimes dangerous exploration. I gingerly made my way through the brush, where last I saw her but there was no sign of her. Nothing moved except the touch of the afternoon's slight breeze. As I moved on, I heard her in the distance and although it's not in my nature to do so, I was beginning to experience some

anxiety. Listening in the general direction of her barking, I was enveloped in a canyon of echoing sounds, confusing as to the exact location of my dog's whereabouts. Pausing, I tried to gauge the general direction of the sound. My efforts were soon rewarded, and I began to quicken my pace forward. As I did so, I called out to her, but she was moving away from me. She could be chasing something; earlier in the day we had spotted some deer. The insistent barking soon changed its tone. It now sounded *desperate* and *angry*. Spending so much time with my dog allowed some understanding of her language. "Suzy!" I shouted, but she did not come. Perhaps it was a bear and she was in a fight for her life. Picking up a branch, thick and heavy, I dropped my back pack and made my way quickly to where the commotion originated.

Ahead of me the trail was obscured. Trees and bushes blocked my vision. I could hear sounds of a struggle, which was caught by the wind and sent at me with a force. Strange that I could hear only her. I could not move fast enough to suit my fears as everything here, became a hindrance to my movements. The woods, so familiar to me, now seemed a foreign landscape. The air around me was sticky and heavy. The dog was barking, howling, and growling, the sounds resounding in the natural amphitheater in such a way as to completely envelop me in the sheer violence of it. Breaking the top of the ridge, I could now see, but what was I looking at? The dog had something by a thin appendage, which I took to be an arm. The "thing" remotely resembled a small child, but its dimensions where all wrong. The dog trapped the "things" arm in a vise of flesh and teeth.

As fear and anger overtook me, I screamed for Suzy to let go but she would not respond. Clearly she felt threatened. I tried to make out the things strange appearance, it was difficult due to its rapid movements. The creature seemed like some hyper-anatomaton. Its flesh undulated as if the interior of its body were filled with hundreds of living things, making its form quiver like gelatin. The eyes were bulbous and glistened liked fluid caught in deep pits, their color black and unyielding. Appearing too large for its angular head, which seemed supported by a neck too thin. The sight resisted all factors of reason and caused me to question all I was observing.
"Suzy," I yelled, trying desperately to push my way through a resistant atmosphere, "Get away from that thing" but it was too late. Some of the creature's flesh had left its arm, a living extension, crawling up the face of my dog. It made its way towards her eyes, covering her snout as it did so.

Reality shifted just enough to allow room for my rage. "Get away from my dog!" I yelled. "It" seemed to shimmer and then turned to face me. As it did, my brain ignited with white hot intensity causing me to waver. A force took root in my brain pulling my skull outward. Though this was not physically happening, the sensation was incredibly intense. Its presence did not end there, for after the mind-numbing pain came, the slight sense of communication or so it seemed. It was like something scratching at my thoughts. Its mouth opened, expelling a scream the sound of which tore away at my mind, blinding me with fusing images that scraped at the core of my senses. Using my rage as a focal point I managed to move forward. It was like trudging through wet cement. My dog at this time was flailing about, unable to see or smell, panting and yelping in mortal pain. I feared she would collapse from exhaustion. I was caught in the grip of panic. Suzy was clearly bleeding, the blood seeping from underneath the pulsating flesh in crimson streams, each one taking my dog; my friend, to a darker place.

The air around the creature's blue-gray exterior vibrated, wavering like a mirage, blurring my already crippled vision. As I moved closer, fear began to enter my soul. Every bone in my body began to shake, nearly dropping me. The ground around me quivered with each step I took. The earth in places oozed dark fluid which smelled of old lost things.

The creature's head bobbed on its neck as its gaze turned towards the wounded but ever-persistent canine. As its eyes, like liquid dark pools stared at Suzy, an unspeakable event began to happen. Even now after witnessing it for myself, I wonder if my mind, so use to logical reason, closed itself off so that the parts of me which relied on reality could escape, leaving it only open to the absurd.

My movements seemed reduced to a crippled crawl. I saw Suzy collapse, shaking violently, the creature's fleshy pseudo pod had withdrawn from her face leaving hideously scarred bloody tissue. Suzy's head fell backward, as it was torn in half at the jaw, her blood was everywhere. Her body now went into shaking spasms as a hole in her neck about the size of a small fist, opened. The dog's red-stained fur began to move in a circular motion toward the hole, like liquid-life flowing to a bloody drain. The hide lost all its texture, while her head, peeled back revealing muscle and sinew, making its journey toward the void. She began to fold in on herself, flesh creasing, shrinking and gelatinizing. I could do nothing to aid her, as her voice

screamed out the final agony of her life and as her body tragically slipped away from me, now into only memory.

I experienced outrage, on the verge of naked oblivion. Moving with the purpose that only vengeance could create, I focused all my seething fury on the creature. The thing was staring at the spot of blasphemy, the area where my life suddenly had left its meaning in the vacuum of loss. Although still encumbered with the strange affect of the earth and air, I made my way to within a few feet of the being. Soon it too, would know loss and I would envy its forced flight into the next world.

Its melon-like head spun around to face me. Its elastic features pinched, in an expression indiscernible to me. Whatever the look and its meaning, I hated it. I flew at it, spanning the distance in a single leap, surprising both the creature and myself. Reality, a thing of rigid substance, seemed bent to the point of breaking, as I lunged at it. The impact was less than I had expected, due to the change in the air which seemed to resist all forward inertia. The earth beneath my feet had the consistency of dried sponge, allowing me to regain my balance quickly. Using my makeshift club, with lightening speed and with power fueled by fury, I delivered a lethal blow to the head sending bone and fluid flying. It screamed in pain and so did I, but only in triumph.

The air smelled of ozone. I could feel the electric charge of the atmosphere as *it* fell to the ground. A sound which was like a sack filled with raw meat, hitting a floor. The thoughts of the moment though tragic, were lost in the emotional storm which seemed as though it would overtake me. The substance of life, now torn from the quivering layers of my slipping mind, sent me into some kind of strange calm. All around me the Earth, my home, a place integral to my stability, fell from grace with a resounding crash leaving me adrift in another world. Up until now, I felt that I understood the essentials of life. How naïve, for the Earth has secrets of her own, and to stumble onto them is beyond any ramification we can afford.

I reached up to wipe the sweat from my brow, a simple action, which seemed to defy the moment. I realized that heaven had been rendered helpless and hell exonerated in the form of a living corruption.

The creature's body lay silent now. On the ground its face puckered and blue, its eyes bulging orbs, glossy and wet, now closed. I moved carefully towards it and as I did so, I was consumed and overtaken with crippling nausea, dropping me into a kneeling position just opposite its battered skull. I was torn between colliding emotions. How bewildered I felt, for I had no idea

what I may have just killed. I was frozen in place, as if waiting for someone to rescue me from somewhere in hell, but no-one was coming…

I tried to stand but it was like balancing on the bow of a ship, caught in one of mother Nature's more indelicate moments. Around me all was quiet. Trees whose whisper could normally be heard were now still and silent. Something had taken the wind and put it in a place from which it could never again return. It was some time before I had the ability and the desire to stand.

The earth again felt real, hard and slightly moist. The air too, carried with it a normal aroma, almost fresh, and having none of the properties that created resistance to my movements. In the end however, all was not right, for Nature's voice was gone. No birds, insects or any other animal indigenous to this place, made themselves known. All sound was frozen. I looked back at the body of the unknown thing, attempting to replace the chaos with some form of truth, but truth comes with a price and I began to weep uncontrollably.

What had I done? Where was Suzy? I began, through sobs, to call her name. "Suzy, come here girl." Nothing, of course, she's dead, easy enough to comprehend. A little blue man had her sucked into a hole. "No," I said, "I will not slip." I felt my mind giving, slowly slipping towards the edge. For sometime unknown to me, I just stood there rigid. My eyes now burned, the tears long since used to extinction. "I am not going to slip." I repeated out loud to myself, trying hard now to focus. "I will keep from falling." Staggering, I grab onto a tree tearing my shirt, a mad attempt at keeping myself from losing my balance. I now found it hard to breath, most of my energy gone. "I will not fall." Thinking now, I know something happened to me and everything around me, affecting the very balance of creation, or possibly just my mind.

The sun now mysteriously hidden, I was confused and physically spent. I began, slowly, to ground myself in the moment, using the land around me to help focus my efforts. Then, almost a sound, but very subtle. Was it there at all? Shifting my weight from the tree, I moved towards the being. Surely it wasn't coming from him. It wasn't, but it was there all the same. A slight liquescent hum, elusive, a soft touch, grazing the flesh of my arm, giving me goose bumps. Realization: I'm not alone. Cocking my head I listened. The sound drifted on a slow, lazy breeze. The wind was struggling to return. Looking around me, I began to move in shifting angles, hoping for a clue as to its location. I knelt down and touched the ground. No vibration. Standing, I

looked up but could see nothing. The absence of any natural sound left me with an uneasy feeling. I made my way back through the brush as if somehow searching for an answer.

Walking toward a grove of trees, slowly looking in all directions as I did so. I hoped to see something that would give me a clue as to where the sound was coming from. Could it be possibly another hiker? But there was no one to be seen. I noticed that the air around a tree seemed to move. Staring a long time in the direction of the anomaly, I began to notice that I could almost touch the sound. It had a physical quality to it. "I'm not ready for this," I backed away. Turning as I did so, I began to run. I moved over the rocky terrain, moving cautiously to sidestep bushes and mossy stone. Sometimes, though it was dangerous, I would look back, heedless of rocks and trees. To hell with it, I thought, nothing happened that couldn't be explained. Panting now, I kept moving. My breath came in hard gasps, of burning air. "A bear," that must have been what really happened. It's the only thing that makes sense. I stumbled but didn't fall…Damn it, that's not what happened!

* * * * *

Jonathan: "No, that's *NOT* - what happened at all…"
Robert: "What do you think happened, Dr. Reed?" My voice sounded a little rough, two days without sleep had started to take their toll.
The man who sat across from me said he had seen and experienced something of the fantastic. He was determined. His words were filled with purpose and with intelligent focus.
Jonathan: "All that I have told you, has happened! " His voice was quiet, soft, but possessed of a strength that I could not nail to any source.

I have personally investigated many stories, most of them about popular people doing unpopular things. My last, involved a computer software company and the alleged involvement in a possible monopoly. I spent three months working hard. In the end, the allegations proved to be inconclusive.

The same day that I ended that assignment, I received a phone call at about 6:00PM. The person on the other end, asked to see me that night, as soon as possible. I wanted to know what was so damn important that it couldn't wait until the morning… And anyway, how the hell had he gotten my phone number? It was unlisted, and currently in someone else's name.

"*I've seen something*," said the voice, filled with a strange desperation. *"Something of incomprehensible importance. And it's time, to bring all this*

out into the open. I think, you are the man to help me report this." The conversation went from there. What he said intrigued me, so I agreed to meet him on neutral ground. We decided on a public place at a large hotel's bar.

As we met I looked at him, he seemed to be about 43 years old, about 5,10" solidly built but somewhat sickly in appearance. He had a full head of blonde hair, graying a little at the temples, with a dark full mustache. His eyes were sharp, cautious and intelligent but gave little away. But at the same time, he looked like Hell. As if he'd been through something terrible.

Robert: "I am reluctant to accept so fantastic an account. This is hard to believe."
Jonathan: "Wisdom doesn't come easily." he quietly murmured.

Being a free-lance writer by vocation I must have looked the part of a northwest regular, wearing a large overcoat that I left on even in the hotel's lounge, and a gray scarf which I felt obliged to remove in the room's warmth. I leaned over the table, the skin on my arms pale under the soft glow of the bars lights. We had placed ourselves in a quiet corner of the room in order to avoid the main traffic, which at this time flowed steadily. The smoke- filled room along with the bizarre topic seemed to place me in a surrealistic atmosphere.
Jonathan: " I am not a child who thought he just saw a monster in the closet." His voice raised a notch, but no control had been lost. There was some arrogance in his words.

"No, not in a closet but in the woods." I said, meeting his penetrating gaze. "Thinking about it, one might find your sanity somewhat suspect," I said coolly. No response. He didn't bat an eye. "Should I call you Doctor?" He shifted a little uncomfortably. My words had the hint of sarcasm. He leaned a little forward, the light catching his eyes, making them glisten.
Jonathan: "No, I'm not. Yesterday, is gone and only a empty memory. Today, we are all someone else and tomorrow, who really knows for sure. We all must learn to be flexible, if we are ever to survive." Perhaps a hint of solemn frustration in his voice.
Looking at the cigarettes, crushed and sticking out of the ashtray, like burnt, stubby fingers, I lit up another.
"Seeing *little blue men* will do that to you," I said. His face betrayed no emotion as I said this. "For me, reality in life has a whole new meaning." He leaned back in his chair and reached for his cup. I clutched my now warm

beer. He continued, "I spent some time questioning my own mental stability. At one point, I almost gave up."
"And your conclusion?" I asked, taking a sip from my glass.
"I am sane," he said quietly. "That's part of the problem, you see."
"Why didn't you just inform the authorities?"
"The *authorities* are part of the problem. Allow me to continue and your questions will be answered."

* * * * *

What happened, was far too terrible a thing to put into words. No invention of thought would allow for it. I had stopped, realizing that I had to go back. Maybe nothing would be there. I had to return, though I dreaded it. Moving slowly, I waited for strength to return enough to deal with the possibilities that lay ahead. The spot had not changed. The body lay on the ground surrounded by a puddle of its own fluid. Sound from the yet-unknown source moaned and moved through the air. I could feel it as the waves pushed over and through me. I wanted to understand the nature of the sound and its source. Staring at the corpse of the being that I had killed, the thought occurred to me that I may now be a murderer. What the hell was it? I wondered if killing this thing could be considered homicide? The creature's pigmentation was of a pinkish blue and the texture was like that of a pig. Its eyes were large and oblong in shape. The mouth was small and reminded me of a fish. It had no nose, no fur or hair that I could see. The clothing of the thing was dark gray or black in color. It seemed to hug the body like a second skin completely covering the arms, legs, feet, hands and torso, with gloves of the same material as the suit, continuous and seamless.

The eerie noise interrupted my thoughts, bringing my attention back to the place I had seen the air move. As I approached the area, I could feel the vibration move the atmosphere around me. In my mind, I went over the circumstances. How insane this all seemed. Dense foliage blocked my view of some kind of object, allowing for just a hint as to its shape. It lay some 75 feet in front of me. The substance of the ether crawled and slithered about my body. One moment it was, the next I could feel nothing. My mind, however, moved with great speed, racing along memories long ago forgotten. Something was groping in and around my gray matter. I tore through the bushes running towards the thing. I had no idea what the hell possessed me to

do this, but it was too late to question the action. Now I stood in front of the object, which looked like a large black wedge. Walking slowly up to it, unconsciously I reached out and touched it gingerly. It was cold, and smooth. I quickly drew my hand back as it seemed to burn, almost like frostbite. The thing, (or Obelisk, as I took to calling it), on closer inspection, had six sides including a top and bottom, was blunt pointed on both ends and looked to be made of a somewhat fibrous stone-like material under a glassy surface. I noticed that sound and light around it seemed to be almost absorbed by its mass. It's overall dimensions were about 2.5 X 4 X 9 feet.

As I turned, I somehow lost my footing, falling against the Obelisk, touching it with my forearms and hands. Falling against it, to my astonishment, made no sound at all. The effect of the action was completely absorbed. It was cold much like dry-ice, which somewhat burned the skin on the inside of my hands, as I pulled away.

Then all at once something began to happen, a disquieting resonance. It started as a low ebb, quickly it rose to a high harmonic squeal. An incandescent glow began within its bowels. It became pellucid. I could almost see right through the thing. That however changed and not for the better. The Obelisk began to thicken within, like some strange congealing liquid substance. I noticed the colors deepening, taking on a purple-blue hue. The sounds in my head until only a moment ago unbearable, now became a song of overwhelming beauty. Its timbre moved about my person, sending my body into strange spasms that nearly knocked me to the ground. I was vibrating, jolting, and shaking. Everything became a blur, a shadowy form of its actual self. My feet felt as if they were not touching the ground. Slowly I began to spin in a three hundred sixty degree angle. Was this actually happening to me? Was my mind on some kind of strange journey? Around me, I began to see a dark glow. It pulsed and grew as I slowed and finally stopped. The thin veil of night which encroached upon the afternoon light became shiny and metallic- looking. Was I inside? I wanted to return to the place I was before. With that thought I was again in the light of day.

The object was before me, as it was earlier, an ebony stone-like wedge cut out of a nightmare. What was this thing? The sound was gone, and nature's voice had returned to its steady course. I backed away from it, looking about my person, to see that I was still whole. All was as it should be, except one thing. My shirt was no longer torn. The time to leave was now. Looking up I saw that the sky was brighter than it should be for the time. I assumed that it

was five or six at least, it had to be. I checked my watch, it said 2:55 p.m.. The hands were frozen in place. How this happened or what this meant, I wasn't sure, it had to be broken.

I returned to the body of the being. How gruesome it looked, emptied of life. For a long time I just stared at it. When finally I looked up from it, the realization of all that happened snapped me back somewhat into reality. What should I do? I could not leave its body lying around, animals frequented this area. They would take the body. I couldn't bury it, I had no shovel. The earth would, I imagined, not want to be its sepulcher. The idea came to me to place rocks on and about the body. I looked around for ones large enough. Looking down, I realized that my hand was bleeding. I didn't remember bleeding earlier, it must have happened when I touched the Obelisk. But somehow I had missed it, though how, I couldn't fathom. I couldn't feel any pain but there was a slight numbness in my hand.

I continued my search but was disappointed. There were no stones large enough for the task. I had to do something, but what? Then I remembered, that I had a thermal blanket and a few other supplies in my backpack, that I had dropped earlier. I thought: maybe if I covered the body with the thermal blanket, sort of wrapped it up, I could then drag it over next to the hill-side and cover it with fallen branches. I must be utterly out of my mind. I stood there for some time just babbling. All the emotion had drained most of my energy.

What time was it? Time, a measurement of reality, seemed to have no significance here. What is happening to me? It was afternoon, still, how could that be? I have been here for hours. The sun however, was in about the same position. It seemed no darker. That was impossible. Two or three hours must have gone by. I looked at my hand again. What the hell is going on?

* * * * *

His hand reached for the freshly filled cup of coffee. The crowed in the bar was thinning, it was getting late, but I was extremely fascinated. I watched, his eyes, wide with remembrance, emotion and determination. I put out my seventeenth cigarette. My voice broke the long silence.

Robert: "What happened to your hand?" Looking at it, no mark remained that I could see. "It has, after all been almost two years, hasn't it?"

Jonathan: "It was possibly affected by the contact with the Obelisk, and from time to time it still is."

His voice somehow seemed to reach inside my very soul.

Robert: "Obviously, contact with it wasn't fatal."
Jonathan: "No, but it nearly was, at least emotionally."
I straightened in my chair and cleared my throat.
Robert: "Why do you think that you didn't notice it earlier than you did?"
Jonathan: "With all that was happening, I just didn't notice. It began as a slight dullness in my hand, not really very painful at all. The burn was not severe and was quite small. It began to get worse as time went on though. As if it had gotten infected."
Robert: "What about the time? With all of the things you went through, shouldn't it have taken you far longer than it did? Did you find this a little strange?"
Jonathan: "Strange? *Unbelievable!* Strange is an understatement," he said with a slight smile. "Nothing was linear as far as time was concerned. Nothing made sense."
Robert: "You did have a watch," I said, with no hint of harshness in my voice.
Jonathan: "Yes I did, but it stopped at 2:55, about the time Suzy died." He had a sorrowful look on his face as he said this.
Looking at him, I could feel his pain and sense of great loss.
Robert: "So time was somehow stretched. Why do you think this was?" The question came out sounding a little more sarcastic than I had intended.
He pushed his coffee away, and sighed.
Jonathan: "I think you understand, the fact that circumstances in no way were ordinary." His voice had a sharp tone to it, as if he had been over this point many times before.
Robert: "I'm not trying to be cavalier here. I'm just attempting to understand what all this means. Surely you can understand this?" I was trying to bring the conversation under control before either of us lost focus on what was important, which was the truth. I knew this would be harder for me, being that this whole subject seemed beyond the pale. The subject was getting to me. I'm not sure why, but I was starting to believe him.
Now he spoke in calming tones.
Jonathan: "I know how you must feel. I was overwhelmed by all of what was happening to me. That slight sense of anger you are feeling, stems from not knowing what it's really all about. Reality can sometimes be very hard to see."
I took a deep breath to calm my nerves a bit. I was getting tired.

Robert: "It's just, late that's all. Let's not imagine things that aren't there." I continued, "What about the Obelisk, as you call it? Have you any idea as to what it was?"
He folded his hands in front of him, closing his eyes for a moment.
Jonathan: "I'm not really sure, I do have some ideas as to what it might be. But, "It", has a significance of its own. When I feel that we trust one another, I will go into greater detail. For now, I would like to continue with what occurred."
It was 10:25PM when he began to speak again of what had happened.

* * * * *

It was important for me to keep my emotions intact, and not lose sight of the objective. First, I need all the information about what happened, if I am to face the authorities later. God, what will I tell them? How would I explain myself, my actions and all that had happened? It took a great amount of effort to bring myself back to the moment. I must keep on track or all could be lost. Could be lost? What the hell was I saying? What more do I have to lose? I'm barely sane, extremely sick, my dog is dead and no-one will ever believe what has happened. God, none of this made any sense. I was alone on the threshold of vacuity.

Again, tremendous effort had to be made. I was in danger of my body going into shock, if I was not careful to conserve my energy. Then all at once, I remembered something. I remembered that I also had my cameras in my back-pack! *God-yes!* I ran to where I had dropped it, some 60 feet back down the trail, and quickly returned with it. Opening my pack, first I grabbed my video camcorder, a small straight 8 Nikon, lightweight and compact. Now exuberant about the prospects of bringing back proof of this nightmare and maybe my own sanity, I crawled as fast as I could back up to the top of the ridge, where the creature had taken my dog. Again falling twice, and picking myself up.

Trying to stay in the moment, I turned on the video camera and started thrashing through the brush running on adrenaline, like some crazed hyper ventilating predator scavenging for his kill. Not thinking clearly as I ran, I stumbled over some unearthed rocks losing my balance, falling right next to the carcass of the dead creature. As I turned my head to my left, faced with seeing the creatures head split open close-up, I began again to get sick and started to vomit uncontrollably. I had to verbally, out loud, force myself to

focus so not to totally lose control. I was talking to myself, trying to keep moving forward. Breathing so hard at times, that I could almost feel myself starting to lose consciousness but somehow stopping each time, just short of blacking out.

Picking myself up from the ground, again I turned on the camera, now seeing the dead creature for the first time in the view-finder. Moving quickly around its head, I panned the camera down the length of the body trying not to think about what I was truly looking at. At the same time, painfully trying not to miss anything. Again, my mind drifted back to a sharpened reality, as I stood over the now, white glazed ground, where Suzy had disappeared into nothing. I started to shake, emotionally sobbing, losing my balance.

Forcing my mind to break free from this thought, I ran now toward the Obelisk. The camera still running, I tore through the brush until I could see the black shape looming just 15 feet in front of the lens. Looking through the camera, I noticed that the view-finder seemed to somehow distort and fill with interference, only to suddenly return to normal. This happened several times within a few seconds. I was furious! Of all the times for the camcorder to stop working… I began to mentally snap, violently cursing at the disappointing prospects. From moment to moment, the camera seemed to be working fine, only to again distort without any reason. I kept on filming, hoping that I would get some clear images, at least intermittently. Running from in front of the object, around to its side, I noticed that the camera seemed to distort more, the closer I got up to the black wedge. So with this in mind, I quickly ran back away from the Obelisk, about 100 feet. The camera still operating but now absent from any distortion. I found again the black target clearly in the view-finder, praying that the images would be visibly recorded.

Now, wearily returning to where my pack was, breathing so hard I became dizzy, making myself unquestionably aware of my failing physical condition. I sat down on the ground in front of the pack, returning the video camera and taking out my 35mm Nikon still-camera. Holding the camera in my lap, I consciously forced myself to calm down, reducing my excessive breathing. After some time, I stood up and again walked to where the creature's body lay in front of me. I began to take pictures of the being.

Looking through the lens, I focused on its face, it appeared strange and old. Its head was split open on one side and was still bleeding. Part of its cranial organ was exposed. The face looked somewhat human, but had no

benevolence. The eyes where about two inches and oval, with heavy lids. Because of the thick wrinkles on its eyelids, the creature looked old, but it's over all dimensions were more child-like. Its body, was small with thin appendages, about four feet in overall length.

After taking several shots, it was time to get some pictures of the black Obelisk. I stumbled back up to it's wedge shape. It made no sound now, as I approached. It seemed a silent sentinel whose charge appeared now dead. I wrapped a small cloth around my hand, where the wound seemed to be getting worse. Also, I wanted to avoid the awesome cold that emanated from the thing when touched. I tried to push it but it would not budge. How could this be possible? I could not fathom it. The black wedge being no child of nature, resisted even the laws of gravity, for it was somehow suspended 36 to 48 inches above the ground. It could not be moved, it was as if it was anchored in place, to the air.

I began to take pictures wildly. The fingers on my right hand, still felt numb. I had to be careful how I handled the camera. I did not want to drop it, that would be disastrous. I moved through the brush until I could see the Obelisk more clearly. After taking ten to fifteen shots, I reloaded the camera with a new roll of film. I picked up a small fallen branch, about 3 feet long and started clearing away the ferns and underbrush surrounding the six-sided shaped craft. Beneath it, I noticed that the ferns seemed to be bleached-out in color. As I started to move the branch horizontally - directly under the Obelisk, I could feel an increased resistance in the air, taking at least four times the effort to sweep across the area. It was as if something was thickening the air density. Looking closely, now I could see what appeared to be a slight variation in the light, some sort of energy pulsating between the object and the ground. Visually, similar to a mirage formed by the sun radiating heat. Rippling and bending the light ever so gently, it was “there” but “not there” at the same time. Now totally unobstructed, again I began to photograph the Obelisk from different angles. Due to the overcast day and the heavy tree canopy overhead, the area was bathed in an overall shadow, reducing all of the direct sunlight. Trying to hold the camera very still, I found myself totally holding my breath as I released the shutter, again and again. I even went as far as laying flat on the ground, placing my elbows out in front of me, acting like a tripod, with the camera resting against my face. Would the pictures come out? I have heard of people taking pictures of things, considered by most to be supernatural, only to get nothing on film, or

maybe there was nothing there to begin with. After this experience, I wasn't so sure of anything anymore…

When I had used all of the film that I had with me, I returned to the body. I stood over it for an unknown amount of time. Part of my mind seemed shut-off. Again, I picked up the thermal blanket from my pack and looked down at the creature and the blood oozing from it. I opened the blanket, spreading it out parallel to the body. I dreaded touching it, but it had to be done. I knelt down, leaning over it. There was a strange odor, something like overripe fruit but much worse. I began to roll the creature into the blanket. The absurdity of it all made me almost laugh. Its body was limp and cold. It felt disgusting. The clothing around it, when touched, shimmered almost like water when something is dropped into it. The texture was extremely odd. Now completely concealed, I tied up the rolled carcass with the straps from my pack and with that, the deed was done. Without warning, again extreme nausea overtook me. My mind seemed to be in some other place, all reality now replaced with some strange kind of logic. Possibly, an absurd attempt at a linear plan.

All that seemed important now, was to somehow hide the limp body from all of reality. I grabbed my backpack and lifted the wrapped thing up, now temporarily hidden from the world. Surprisingly, there was very little weight to it at all. Where to hide it, what to do with it? I was lost in unanswered questions. I was running on only adrenaline. I started the long journey back down the trail, in hope of finding a safe place to secure the body on the way, where later maybe I could return with help. And God, at this time, I needed some help. I walked for what seemed like hours, only stopping occasionally to search for some kind of hiding place, but no safe site could be found. Unaware and all at once, I found myself back. All the way back to the place where I had parked my Jeep. My mind now jumped from thought to thought. I began to think about the possibility of prison, or worse. Some clandestine agency picking me up and locking me away. I had a body, a dead body, in a thermal blanket. And I was reasonably sure, that it wasn't American made. Behind me was a hovering, sound -absorbing anomaly, a floating black mystery. Back there also, my 7 year old dog, Suzy, who had met an end that defied all comprehension. Ahead of me lay endless questions that I could not answer, and possible jail or a tiny room, somewhere in happy land. On the horizon was my life, my family, friends, responsibilities and my work. What could ever be said, that would even come close to a rational explanation of

all of this? I was very sick. Dizzy spells would come and go, lasting only seconds, but those seconds had me worried. So, with a numb hand, dizzy spells, and feeling very sick and carrying a dead body, I made my way over to my Jeep unsure of the future or anything else.

My Jeep wasn't new but it served my purpose well. There was plenty of room in the back where I now placed the body. The creature, all wrapped up in the back, looked like a large silvery-gold burrito. No one would know glancing at it, that anything of significance was there. I moved around to the drivers door and leapt into the seat. For one second, it felt as if it could all be a dream. More accurately, a nightmare. It felt good to be somewhere familiar. I looked to the right of me, the place my dog would normally occupy, but I was now alone. I glanced down at the clock in the Jeep. No, it can't be right. The time on the clock read, 4:21 PM. In order to hike back here to where the Jeep was, to take all of the pictures, to wrap the body and regain my strength, should have taken at least three or four hours total. What the hell was going on? I put the key in the ignition, stepped on the gas and drove from there as fast as I could. It wasn't fast enough, as long as I could see the mountains in my mirror. How can I live like this? How can I look at anything the same way ever again? Suddenly, I had to swerve to avoid hitting the shoulder. God, I must stay focused. I knew now, that very little I had seen could be taken at face value. Something had gotten inside my mind wreaking havoc with the values of temporal physics. Or maybe nothing happened… No dead dog, no little strange being or floating terror. Perhaps I've gone mad? In the back however, laid a cold mystery. Wrapped by my own hands, and now a dead passenger on its way relentlessly into my life.

It would be hours before the afternoon would give way, to the coming night. Hours that tore at everything I held as reality. Maybe that's when I would dispose of it, bury it somewhere remote and forgotten. Suzy's disappearance could be explained with little effort. Home brings the promise of salvation; its comfort undeniable. After all, it would be so easy, so simple. How could I have missed it? Yes, freedom was in sight at last. All I had to do was wait for the silent embrace of the indigo curtain. It was the first time in what seemed like days that I had possible hope. Slim as it was, it was something to grasp onto. Or was it? It may be better if I waited until the morning. Sleep wouldn't hurt, I needed time to think, time to reason. Too much had happened and it would be better to put all things into perspective.

With a little rest, possibly, I will feel better. I could come up with some ideas. There had to be a logical explanation somewhere.

The road slipped by, a smooth asphalt path I hoped would bring me home. My hand was getting its feeling back, but I was starting to experience nausea, cramps and my vision was weak . I began to have a sensation of being separated. The cohesive nature of things began to unravel. The simple threads that keep our lives on track now were fraying. All my self-control had to be concentrated on driving. Floating mentally, lifting physically, or so I thought, but it was just another bizarre episode of conflicting realties. I was losing control. It was important to stay in the moment and not to lose my focus.

I had to stop the car and get out. Drawing the air sharply into my lungs, I felt things coming back into place a bit. In a cold sweat, I was definitely sick. The color of my skin had the hue of a fishes belly. I felt so strange, certainly I should go to the hospital. My bones began to ache, the burn on my hand, now devoid of the numbness, throbbed with a vengeance. I began to retch. Leaning against the vehicle for a few minutes I soon brought myself under some control. With great difficulty, I climbed back into the seat. Bracing myself on the wheel, I started out again. The night was well to being on its way. The question was, would I be alive tomorrow? Problem was, did I really care? Yes, I wasn't suicidal, I wanted something more than this day in between my life and the grave. I still have many questions that remained to be answered. My mind was flooded with obscure thoughts.

The sound of the vehicle was loud. It should not have been, but it was. I could feel the road under me, a living thing slithering under the hard rubber. I was shaking and sweating and my eyes were watering, my vision, thankfully, was unaffected. My reflexes worked a little slower but they functioned all the same. Everything seemed off center. The outlines of building seemed to quiver and swell as if alive with some unearthly force. Cars passed me, mental reminders of a life I once knew. Looking into their windshields, I saw the shadowy forms of men and women hunched over the steering wheels of their vehicles like gargoyles on a journey to nowhere. I wished that I was one of them. I never thought I'd say that, but how I wished it now. Where was my reality? The events of the day had separated me so far from my old place in the world that even the common drudgery of life would be preferable to what I now know and feel.

I approached my home, at 7:10 that night. Sitting in the car I wondered how to handle all of this. Even time itself had become a falsification of what I deemed to be the truth. I had, become a watcher of clocks; it was now 7:30 p.m. I left the Jeep and stumbled down the path, making my way gradually around the side of the house and to the front door of my sanctuary.

I lived in a modest house, not large. It was a tasteful dwelling comfortable and warm. This allowed me to live, what was thought of as the American dream. I worked hard for what I had accomplished and it didn't always come easy. I was an American, born into a military family and had seen a great deal more of the world than most. My father was strict, my mother loving, caring and honest. This wasn't to say that either one of them wasn't intelligent, quite the contrary. My father excelled at everything that he put his hands on, and encouraged me to do the same. My mother, also had her clever ways about life and human nature and always with a smile in her heart.

I spent my elementary years exploring my youth and counting my toes. Then off to the real world, the teen years, girls and the continuation of my mental and hormonal growth. Higher education was spent at several good universities, where finally receiving a Ph.D. in psychology, in clinical research studies and a satisfying career. Everything seemed to add up to a truly meaningful and successful life. Now only a fading memory of what was, in reality a carefully constructed illusion, to insulate myself from finding the truth and to opening my mind.

When I woke up this morning I expected a simple hike, however things can change in a flash. Now I was poised at the door to my house, my dog was gone or worse, a strange creature lay dead in the back of my Jeep and myself, possibly a murderer. Did I live here? I really wasn't sure, things just didn't hold the same meaning for me that they did only a few hours ago. What now seemed like a lifetime ago. Was I out of my mind or was this just a bad dream?

On my way to the front door I had passed the garage, and inside was a freezer. I had a thought: could I put the thing in the freezer? Would it fit? That would keep it until I could get up enough nerve to dump it. In the meantime, the thing would have to wait for its frozen receptacle. Right now, I was exhausted and sick. I didn't want to take the chance of someone seeing me bury the thing, so I would have to wait until it was totally dark. Tonight however, was out of the question as I was simply too weak. I found that just opening the door to my house was an arduous task. Fumbling with my keys,

my hands shaking, I finally managed to accomplish my goal and unlocked the door.

My thoughts went to my vehicle, would the creature be safe in there until morning. The street was quiet, nothing but the silent evening of an affluent neighborhood. It would be safe. The creature, covered as it was, looked no more suspicious than a very large over-sized sleeping bag of sorts. Anyone looking in, would think nothing of it. And, God help the poor bastard that tried to break into the Jeep or attempted to steal it. They would be in for one big nasty surprise! A grim smile spread across my face with the picture that this conjured up.

Opening the door, the smells of my home greeted me, bringing with them some hope of stability. Entering the house was like returning to the womb. It was now my refuge, the fortress where I would make my stand against the strange elements that now affected me. This was the main reason I left the being were it was. I had a strange feeling that its presence, even in the garage, would be an assault on all that I held dear. Maybe this was some kind of superstition, but I wasn't willing to take the chance of damaging the delicate balance of the emotional state that I was now in. The living room, with its pictures of family and friends, did little to comfort me. They belonged to a past I no longer felt a part of. I gave a token glance at my paintings. They were not the works of masters, but they were familiar and that meant a lot more to me. My large couch beckoned to my wearied body, I was spent. The place seemed slow to fulfill my wishes of release from this living nightmare. I sat in my living room shaking and my head pounding.

After a time, I rose staggering, and made my way into the kitchen for a glass of water. I was terribly dehydrated. I rubbed my forehead in a vain attempt to soothe the pain rattling my skull. Sitting at the table, my trembling hands holding the glass in weak fingers, I endeavored to bring coherent lines of thought into focus. The first order of business was to put the creature in the freezer. Also, I should call my girlfriend, Ann and my best friend, Gary. Making the move to stand took a lot of willpower. My body did not want to move for any reason. I did, however, force myself to finally stand. Going through the kitchen I used the back door to get to the garage. Crossing the yard my mind began to wander.

About thirty five years ago, when I was a precocious eight year old, my grandfather had decided that I was badly in need of a fishing trip. A time to stretch our minds and have some fun. My grandfather wasn't a tall man by the

standards of the day, but to me he stood as a tower between me and the worries of the world. He had at times been the only one in my family who defied the wishes of my father. This was such a time. My grandfather had decided to take me fishing against the will of my father. I was having some difficulty at school with my homework and my father said that I had to stay in until I improved on my efforts at learning. My grandfather felt that I just needed some time away from everything. I was a studious boy by nature, I loved to learn and to challenge my ability to do so. At that time in my life, I was suffering from all the usual pressures of childhood. My father saw it as rebellion that needed to be arrested quickly. My grandfather saw it as being a part of growing up. He told my father his intentions of taking me out to the lake. My father said no initially, but in the end he capitulated and off we went…

It had been a good day for fishing, and after a time talking with my grandfather I felt relieved, grounded and very happy. When we returned my grandfather asked me to carry the dead fish to the freezer, he had already gutted them. I looked up at him and said, as bravely and quietly as I could, " No." My grandfather said, " What ?"

"No," I said, " I can't touch them, they're dead."

"Jonathan," he said softly, "We are the ones who killed them."

I had not thought of it like that. Somehow, in my mind, the fish went from the fishing pole to the pot do not pass go.

"Grandpa, I just can't." My trembling lips betrayed the fact that the coming rain clouds of tears were about to burst.

He saw this and knelt down on one knee putting one arm on either side of my shoulders. "Jonathan, there is a great responsibility to taking the life of anything. When we fish or hunt we use everything we can of what has been killed. Not to do this, is a crime against nature and diminishes the importance of life."

I felt so ashamed. I didn't realize that there was so much responsibility to something as simple as fishing. My grandfather handed me the fish and smiled. So did I now, as I closed the lid to the freezer sealing my fear for a time in the dark of the past, with the enigma of the present… *"Where are you- now, Grandpa?"*

DESCENT
CHAPTER TWO

In the house and two more glasses of water later, I sat down in front of the phone. The telephone felt heavy in my weakened hand but still the calls had to be made. First I called Ann, my girlfriend. Her answering machine filled my ears with robotic tones. She wasn't home or had simply turned down the volume to sleep.

"Ann," I said, "something has happened, I really need you to call me as soon as you can."

If she did not call me back tonight, I would have to try again tomorrow, and that was a long time to wait. I really needed her strength right now. I also felt a desire to communicate with someone alive. I called my lifelong friend Gary; he was in fact my best friend. A person in whom I had confided a great many times. It was now 10:35 PM.

Gary did not answer. He was probably asleep. I slammed the phone down after leaving a rather distressed, cryptic message. I felt almost abandoned, and so alone without Suzy.

My mind seemed to somehow race through the days events, coming to a crashing halt at the point of the now frozen crypt in my garage. As I sat there, I tried to convince myself that this thing, this nightmare wasn't really out there at all. I didn't want to believe any of it. Maybe, its just the sickness effecting my mind. Maybe the only thing out in the freezer, was the remains of Suzy, and my mind would not allow for the true tragedy of the day. I sat for a time, hoping to be released from this crippling thought but without any success. I had to know for sure. I had to face this terrifying truth if I was ever going to bring any order back into my life. Suddenly, I got up and rushed through the house, physically forcing myself to return to the garage and confront the truth. It was almost as if I was watching someone else, as I returned to the freezer and opened the door. I reached in and lifted out the gold foil /wrapped carcass, my mind now absent of all emotions. It felt, as if there was a specific protocol to be implemented and nothing would allow for any deviation. I carried the body, unconsciously into the house laying it on the

floor. Without hesitation, I began to unwrap the thermal blanket. Now, again seeing the truth in front of me, I started to stagger at the unquestionable reality. This *thing,* was not Suzy. Somehow, I reversed the process, again returning the body to the freezer and temporarily locking it out of my mind and soul.

I felt as if I had just run a marathon, expelled of all energy. I was tired, sick and on the verge of passing out, but a low buzz in my head kept me from doing so. I could not explain it but I knew that the sound in my head somehow allowed me to stay conscious. I wanted to sleep but that seemed now to be impossible. Still thirsty, I poured a glass of water and settled down on the living room couch. Looking into my glass at the water, I had a very strange feeling of recognition. That was the last thing that I remembered, as I fell asleep.

. . . I was running from something. Every time I turned to look, the subject of my terror eluded me. To the side of me everything was a green blur, ahead there was the oncoming emptiness of deep shadows which possessed no form. On and on I continued. There seemed no end to the road I was on and no way to leave it. Abruptly, the Obelisk stood before me… Then suddenly, I was awake.

The day had returned, light streamed in through the open blinds. I looked at the clock; it was 7:00 AM. I had slept for some time, but felt none of it other than the odd dream that I had. I felt a little better; the pain in my head had lessened. Much of my color had returned, still I was a bit peaked. Even though I had slept a good eight hours I felt that I had rested only a few hours at best. What happened while I was asleep? "Suzy," I called, then I began whistling for her, but there was no response. My dog-where in hell was she? Was she outside? I think something happened to her; but what?

Slowly, dark memories began to drift from sleep into my view of focus; strange pictures filled with shapes and things that lay on the edge of insanity. Suzy is gone. She was gone and there was something out in my garage. I'm sick, yes, very ill. Perhaps it was food poisoning, the flu or something worse. Whatever it was, lingered in my body tearing at my muscles and bones. I felt as though I was burning up inside. I went to the bathroom, turned on the shower and I climbed in. The water felt cold against my burning flesh. When I first woke up, I had felt better. Things had seemed to be normal, although I sensed that my thoughts were somehow veiled. As I tried to remember, I

became even more sick. Suzy is gone, I killed some kind of creature and I saw something black and wedge-shaped. The heat began to leave my body and with it my strength began to return. I spent some time in there, I don't know just how long, allowing my body to recover some of its vigor. Done, I toweled myself and I noticed that the pain in my hand was almost gone. Looking in the mirror, I saw a man greatly transformed by fantastic circumstances. Where once there had been color there now was absence of it. I felt out of sync. Under my eyes were deep shadows and my lips were pale. The strange symptoms I was experiencing might have something to do with the contact of the being or Obelisk. Possibilities rode high on the wave of doubts that threatened to devour me. I went to the kitchen. Perhaps I would be better suited to answering questions on a full stomach. I ate a small breakfast and drank a large glass of orange juice. The doorbell rang, "Who could it be?" I thought. Slowly, on aching muscles, I walked sluggishly to the door. I peered through the peep hole where Gary's face greeted me. I opened the door at once, startling him.

"Jesus Jonathan, what the hell? Are you trying to cold cock me with the door?" He grinned.

"I'm just surprised to see anyone, that's all." I said.

Gary looked to me like the first person I had seen in a very long time.

He looked at me and seemed troubled by what he saw.

"You called me," he said. Passing into the house he continued. "You don't look so well my friend."

I closed the door, regretting it, for outside was warm and smelled of trees and good memories, recollections I thought forever lost.

" I've been sick." I said, walking into the dining room.

We sat down. Gary, taking off his coat, eyed me suspiciously.

"Stop that." I said.

"Stop what?" he said, an impish smile on his face. Gary was well aware how I felt when he acted like the worried parent.

"Don't patronize me, Gary. I have been through hell." I gave him my best 'I'm serious' look as I said this. "Besides, I'm going to be fine." I straightened myself to add emphasis to the words.

"You sounded a little odd on the phone. I thought you had been robbed or something." Gary now looked very concerned. "Are you sure you're all right? What's wrong?"

I stood up. "Would you like a drink or something?"

"A soda would be good," he replied.
As I left to get the drinks, he called after me. "You have to see the designs I'm currently working on, you'd love them."
I gave a small sigh of relief. His diversion brought us happily to a subject other than my health.

Gary was a man of German decent, who possessed charm and humor in large amounts. He was slight of build, with a well groomed beard and cool blue eyes, giving him a distinguished look. He was an accomplished architectural designer, intelligent, successful and one of the best in the city. Gary was in his late forties but looked and acted much younger despite the premature gray in his hair.

I returned with the soda in glasses, the ice making light clinking sounds.
"Gary," I said slowly, "I have something to tell you and you will probably find it hard to believe."
He took the glass of soda from me and a coaster I handed with it.
Placing the drink on top of the table, he said "I'm all ears. What happened?"
Sitting down I took a sip from my glass. The sparkling fluid with shining cubes of ice reminded me of the old days, when Gary and I would party long and hard into the night drinking rum and Coke.

I looked up from my maundering, "If you recall," I started, "I planned to go hiking up in the mountains. Well, things did not go so well, Suzy went off in pursuit of some sound or scent..."

I watched the plethora of expressions that danced across Gary's face as I told him everything that happened. Gary stared long and hard at me, he drew in a deep breath.

"Jonathan, Suzy is dead? Are you serious? I'm not sure I understand what it is you are saying."

"The fact is, the proof of my claims lies frozen in the freezer out in the garage."

Gary gave a start at this information, almost spilling his drink, as he said…

"You - put Suzy's body in the freezer?"

"No Gary, not Suzy. The *creature* that killed her."

"What? You're shitting me! Oh my God, Jonathan! You mean to tell me that the *animal you killed* in the woods, is out in the *freezer*?"

"Yes, and I'll show you, and it's not an *animal*!" I got up and began to walk towards the back door.

Gary did not immediately follow me. He stood up with a look of grave concern.

"Jonathan, I'm not sure you are at all well. It's not that I doubt you or your story, but shouldn't we take you to the hospital?"

"How do you think I'm going to explain this?" I said turning to face him. "Some manic horror on its way to hell stopped to kill my dog and pissed me off enough to kill it and I threw it into my freezer? Do you think this was its plan?" I raved.

"Jonathan," Gary said, "I know that something out of the ordinary has happened here. Knowing you as long as I have, I came to the conclusion a long time ago that you are a stable person. I'm not questioning your sanity, but I am concerned about your health. I can see that you are really sick."

"I appreciate your concern, but sit down. What I have to show you, should clarify any questions about why I may be in my present condition."

I reached down, grabbing the remote control for my VCR and TV. "Watch this and don't say anything until its over." I said with a command. The video started to play. As I watched what had occurred in the woods now permanently recorded, I started again to feel sick as the nightmare played out to its end in front of my eyes. I watched Gary's face drop into amazement as he sat up on the edge of his chair, almost inhaling the images that he was seeing. All that he kept saying was, "My God…Oh My God!" over and over. His eyes now glued to the screen, I heard him softly say, "My God, you've got video and photographs of everything!" The tape stopped and we just sat there in silence, until finally Gary timidly said, "This isn't a joke, is it?" I got up from my seat, leaned over and said, "Suzy is dead. Its no joke. Now, come with me." I turned and continued towards the back door.

We made our way to the garage. It never looked so ominous until now, but there was never such a thing in my freezer before. I flipped on the light switch, basking the garage in a fluorescent glow. In the back of the place was the freezer. A large white coffin, which provided easily enough room for the gruesome carcass. Was it still there? Will it look now, as I remembered it? I grabbed the key from the top and unlocked it, opening the thick heavy door slowly. It made a slight 'whoosh' sound as it opened.

Inside, the wrapped body was covered in a layer of thin frost. I picked it up and brought it out, placing it on a table next to the freezer. As I unwrapped it slowly and stared at it, I again started to sense the smell of its flesh. Gary's expression was a mixture of intensity, horror and wonder.

"Why didn't you just bury it?" Gary asked, with a quizzical look on his face.

"The truth is, I was planning to bury it today, but now I'm not so sure that's a good idea."

I continued to uncover the thing. The blanket was stiff with a light sheen of frost covering parts of it. Slowly we began to see the creature. It was a bit bluer than I remembered, but I imagine that it had to do with it being frozen.

"*Shit*… Jesus, Mary and Joseph! What the *fuck* is it?" Gary said, his eyes bulging from their sockets.

It was now completely uncovered, totally exposed, its face frozen in a horrible grimace, evading the conventions of modern reasoning.

Gary was rigid with shock, his face held in an empty stare.

"Gary!" I shouted, "Gary!" He flinched and then came around.

"*Fuck*. I, I don't think *he's* from around here." he said slowly, with a slight stutter. I looked at him. "Are you all right?"

"I'm… fine." he said. Gary seemed OK, but I remembered what happened to me.

Curiously I asked, "How do you know it's a <u>he</u>?"

"What?" Gary gave me an incredulous look.

"You said 'He'," I said to him, looking down at the body.

"He, She, It - *SHIT!* Whatever! I have no *fucking* idea!" Gary said emphatically.

I moved away from the table. Gary slowly moved closer and began to reach down to touch it.

"Don't." I shouted, scaring the hell out of him. "It might be what made me sick."

"Christ, Jonathan, you scared me so bad I nearly filled my pants." Gary folded his arms across his chest and adopted a puzzled look. "God, maybe it's a bio-genetic experiment gone bad or some-*fucking*-thing. One of those animal / hybrid things that you here about."

At best it sounded absurd, but what else could it be? The alternative was too wild to even consider.

"So, you think it's someone's pet project?" I said.

"Or," he said.

Oh - no, here it comes. I knew we would go in this direction sooner or later.

"Or -what." I said.

"Or, it's an..."

Here it comes, I thought, the one concept I denied any purchase in my thoughts.

"Its an *Extraterrestrial!"* he said with a matter of certainty.

When I called Gary, I had forgotten one very important fact about his nature; his compulsion towards hazardous exploration, in places better left alone.

"That's what it has to be! I mean, look at it, its an *ALIEN!*" he said with a triumphant grin plastered all over his face.

It was no use now, the damage was done, his curiosity aroused, he was no more manageable than a prying child. What was I going to do now? The thing that worried me, was that he was probably right.

"Let's not jump to any conclusions." I said, avoiding his gaze.

Turning his attention away from the creature and towards me, he said, "Animals don't hang around, travel in or build flying black wedges.

"It wasn't flying it was floating." I countered.

Gary walked away from the being on the table and towards me.

Gary put a hand on my shoulder. "After what you have been through I can understand your apprehension, but we both know what this thing has to be, don't we." he said quietly.

"Possibly the Obelisk had no relation to the creature at all. It's feasible." I said. He knew that I was reaching. I felt backed into a corner, trapped by my own re-evaluations about what it might be, with the realization that if it was true, that would make me a murder.

"God, this is incredibly important, Jonathan. You have something here that the world needs to know about." I walked back to the creature and began to wrap it up once more.

"We need to call some people and let them know what you have." Gary said.

I gave a start at this. It was the last thing that I wanted. As I put the being back in the freezer, Gary pointed to the entity. "You know who this guy reminds me of? Freddie, the attorney we used in the big lawsuit last year, against those contractors that installed those faulty water sprinkler systems."

"I never met the man." I said. "I think we need to discuss what should be done with the creature-Freddie, as you call him." I locked the freezer. "I'm not sure it's a good idea to tell anyone anything, yet."

"What! Are you kidding, Jonathan?" I headed for the door, and Gary followed. "You, have the *find of the century!* To let it go, out of fear, is wrong. We have to share this with everyone. People need to see this!"

Entering the house, I headed straight for the comfort of the couch. Gary was a little shaky, his face flushed with excitement. I plopped down and watched as Gary paced back and forth, from one side of the room to the other.

"Jonathan, I can't believe what you have just shown me. It's *amazing!"* Gary shouted.

"Gary we can't just tell people what I have in the freezer. It's far too dangerous. I can't have everyone stomping all over my house, tearing things apart. Jesus, Gary, we still don't know what it is," I said.

Gary finally sat down, and ran his hand through his hair. "Jonathan, I think it's safe to say that we have a *fucking alien* here."

I knew that this wasn't going to end the way I wanted it to. Gary would definitely not help me bury the thing. I wasn't even sure that's what I wanted to do at this point. If this really was an ET, then my life just got a whole lot more complicated. This would also mean that I now had a new responsibility. One that I really didn't want. The obligation to release such information, left me with a burning sensation in the pit of my stomach.

Gary stood up again and started to pace the room quickly. "We need to call people, maybe like SETI, NASA, the FBI and the Air force, or maybe even the *White House!"*

"What the hell is: S E T I ?" Gary just ignored me.

"First, of course, we need all of the evidence possible and we should gather this before talking to anyone. You've got to take all the film and get it developed somewhere safe, as soon as possible." Gary said, with a firm direct tone. Gary was about to give me his best, 'It's time to act.' speech when I cut him off. "I think we both agree that the entity is not a Northwest regular and that the possibility of it being a scientific experiment is remote at best, considering the presence of the Obelisk. With those two points clearly understood, we have to proceed with great caution." Gary's face looked as if someone had just taken away his favorite toy. Someone had to pull the reins in on this situation and sick as I was, it had to be done now.

Gary quietly said, "You're right, Jonathan. I'm just at a loss to quantify all that you have told me and with what you have shown me. It's just so

incredible! We should do this by the numbers, whatever they are," Gary said in a reserved tone.

"Thank you for understanding," I said.

Now I felt like things were not totally out of my control. I thought perhaps I would survive the day after all, but this small victory didn't last long. Gary, ever the undaunted adventurer, would take things in an unexpected direction.

"We need to go back up there." Gary emphasized. Gary sat back down, some of his energy spent. "We need to try to retrieve the Obelisk." The words bounced off my mind like physical things, leaving me stunned and at a loss for a response to this outrageous suggestion.

"God, Gary!" I stammered. "Are you out of your mind?"
This really was a question I wanted him to answer.

"No." he said with a slightly wounded expression on his face.

"What the hell are you thinking? I have no desire or intention of returning to that place." I was sick and filled with utter terror at just the suggestion of it.

Gary decided, now was a good time to bring some reality into my thinking. "All evidence, that means everything, must be brought into the light if we are to expect anyone to understand what truly has happened. It's our only protection against non-believers and various secretive organizations. We will be holding all the cards, Jonathan." He was right, of course, and this really made me angry. Not because he was right and I was wrong, but because the actions we would now have to take, made me more than a little nervous to say the least. But I'm not sure that we will ever truly be holding all the cards.

"Gary, you are really serious, I take it?" I said, putting as much calm in my voice as circumstances would allow. I am not a violent man by any means, but I really felt like punching-out of my best friend at that moment.

Gary gave me a long worried look. "Are you OK? You're still looking really sick," he said, very sincerely.

"Yes, I'm OK but I'm not sure that I'm ready to return there. I'm still a little shaky."

"We simply don't have the luxury of time. We have to get there before anyone else," Gary said, his voice rising a little.

Gary sounded like he was on the verge of uncontrollable excitement again. My head was beginning to throb with the familiar sensation that had plagued me off and on throughout this whole episode.

"So we have to go out there. I understand that, but I would much rather do it later- like, say, the year *2050 or so*." I was hoping to get my point completely across finally.

"Jonathan, *Freezer Freddie* can't wait forever."

"Freezer, WHO?"

"Freezer Freddie, the alien in the garage. We have to call it something. I guess we could call it Spock, or Alf or Sam." he said calmly. Giving the creature a name, brought all the things that I dreaded most, home. Before, it was just a lifeless anomaly. I didn't want to see it as something that may have had a personality. Gary, without knowing it, took the last refuge I had, from completely feeling like a killer.

"Has reality, for you, somehow become a thing of the past? Why the hell do we have to call it, anything?" I said, irritably.

Gary stopped pacing and scratched his head. "OK, what is up with you? I'm trying to get us into a tenable position here and you're fighting me every step of the way. Why?" Gary whispered.

"For you, this is just another adventure. Something to occupy your time and bring you a little excitement. For me, this is an unbelievable nightmare, that I want to end. Has it occurred to you just how my position at work might be affected, or what may happen to me when the authorities come to investigate and arrive at the conclusion that I killed the find of the century? There is a lot involved here. And what about Suzy? My entire life is caught up in this thing." I said evenly. My nerves were on edge, I was sweating and my head felt even worse. It was time for more water. I rose slowly and started for the kitchen, Gary followed.

"I'm sorry if I seem a little insensitive," Gary said, "but the truth of the matter is we have to do something. We can't just hide this. It's important to bring whatever we can to people that might give us a clue as to what we are dealing with."

I knew he was right, it was time for action. If I did nothing, I would be trapped like this forever. Perhaps doing what Gary said could bring back some stability into my life. It could, if we did things carefully, allow me to gain some control over this situation.

I was not raised to play the part of a victim. On the contrary, I was taught as a child to take responsibility for my actions. The choices we make in life sometimes lead us to strange places and put us in difficult circumstances, but still we have in the sphere of the situation, power over our own life, though

the choices may seem few. I drank deeply, and the cool water brought some much needed relief to my aching head.

"All right," I said. "what do you suggest?"

"I think we ought to return, as I said before and collect whatever evidence we can, including the Obelisk." Gary said calmly.

"It's not a small thing. We can't just carry it. I tried to move it." I said. "Besides, I couldn't budge it an inch."

Gary smiled. I could see in his eyes he was relieved now that I was making some movement towards dealing with the situation. "We have to try." he said. "I have a trailer we could load the Obelisk onto, that and any other large scrap of evidence."

I left Gary, and went in to the bathroom. I took some aspirin, and washed my face. I still looked a little haggard, but the dark rings under my eyes were fading. I returned, to find Gary sitting in the living room and writing on a small pad of paper.

"What are you doing, Gary?" I was deeply concerned. What the hell was he up to now?

Gary looked up temporarily from his note taking. "I'm writing everything down that you have told me. It's important that we keep track of everything that happens and has happened."

"Yes Gary, I've already started a journal." I went to my closet and grabbed a large duffel bag. "If we are going to do this, let's get to it before I have time to think about this."

Gary rose. "You look like shit." I gave him an angry glance. "But a determined shit," he said laughingly.

"Thanks for your vote of confidence, Don Quixote."

"This can be done, trust me."

"The first thing out of every politician's mouth is trust me, the second is bend over." We both laughed, and it felt good.

We took my Jeep over to Gary's house. It was hard getting back into it. Too many memories of Suzy, Freddie and the nightmare that ensued.

We hooked the trailer onto the Jeep. It was now 11:45 AM.

* * * * *

Robert: "It must have been hard for you, Jonathan to make the decision to go back after all that you went through. What was the single most important thing

you can think of that brought you to the conclusion that returning there, would be the best way to go?"
Jonathan: "It was no longer a matter of choice. The situation escalated beyond my own desires and needs, and someone had to be told what had happened. Emotionally it would feel good to share the responsibility of having the truth with others."
Robert: "What is the truth?"
Jonathan: "There is something out there."
Robert: "Is that all?"
Jonathan: "Isn't that enough?"
Robert: "For whom? It seems a bit of a simplification of the facts you have given me."
Jonathan: "As is everything we are presented with in life as fact. We must through our own perceptions come to conclusions we can best live with. It's a safety mechanism that allows us to function in day to day life. Of course the truth usually suffers because of this. The naked truth has a way of humbling all of us, one way or another."
Robert: "With all that was going on, how were you able to deal with it? How were you doing physically? Were the symptoms lessening or increasing?"
Jonathan: "What drove me onward was the need to bring this to some kind of conclusion. As for symptoms, my body felt a little better, although my mind felt sluggish and congested."
Robert: "What do you think was going through Gary's mind while all this was happening?"
Jonathan: "Unbridled anticipation and hope."
Robert: "Do you think that having such an experience could place you in some dangerous situations?"
Jonathan: "At this time, the only worries I had revolved around the fact that I had killed the thing, but even this was beginning to take second place to the enormity of what I'd found.
Robert: "How about Gary, what do you think his concerns might have been?"
Jonathan: "Gary had no concerns about danger. I would imagine he was swept up, as he so often was in the adventure. And he was just trying to help me."
Robert: "What did you find when you arrived back at the location where it all happened?"
Jonathan: "Nothing, we - found - nothing… Not A Damn Thing!"

* * * * *

I let the door slam with a thud behind us. "Nothing, god-damn nothing." I said after returning home.

"Someone else must know, Jonathan. It's the only answer. During the time that you have been away from there, someone must have come upon the site."

"It's not the only answer. The authorities might have been up there or perhaps some of Freddie's friends." I moved into the living room and plopped into a chair. Gary followed at his own pace.

"We haven't lost everything." Gary said. "We still have Freddie and the photographs. That's more than enough to prove your case to anyone."

"I'm not so worried about the police any more. Now I'm concerned about what must have taken place up there. Who or what has taken the Obelisk?" Gary sat down and folded his arms, in deep thought. I continued, "That place seemed to have been clinically cleaned. It hasn't rained, so there should have been something of the fluid left on the ground and I sure as hell could not move the Obelisk, so who did? Or did it move on its own?" Gary looked at me, his face filled with disappointment, wanting desperately to see the things I described to him. Frustration grew in me, its roots taking hold deep within my psyche. I slammed my fist on the table. Gary jumped. "It's not fair. After everything I went through, all I asked for was a little luck. Jesus, it's not like I wanted to win the lottery, I just wanted to be able to show you."

"You know I believe you, Jonathan, without question. Everyone else will too when they see the creature that you have." Gary gestured towards the garage. "I wanted to see the Obelisk, but it's gone, so we will just have to deal with it."

" I need some air," I said.

We walked to the back door. Outside it was warm, but Suzy was gone. It was hard to believe that any of this was going on at all. Gary talked softly, "We need to contact some people. I will find out who and make the appropriate calls."

"Be careful, I don't need any unexpected visits from the media or police. If anyone has found the other things I left up there, then perhaps we won't be the first out with the information."

More than likely, someone happened upon the spot and alerted the authorities. Something I should have probably done, right away myself. Then

again, maybe not. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that everything was totally out of balance. “I don’t know if they would have put me in jail or not, I was only defending my dog.”

"I'm sure you're right. I mean what would the charge have been, alienicide?" Gary smiled as he said this. It was nice to see that he still had his sense of humor. "I'm heading home to make some calls. Will you be all right?"

"I'll be fine, I’ve got a lot to do but I'm sure glad you are with me on this one, Gary," I said with a weary smile. After he left, I also decided to run some errands of my own. The sky was beginning to darken and the moon could be seen. I stared at it and wondered, God, what next?

After I got back, at nine o'clock, there was a knock at the door. It was Ann. She had blonde hair and beautifully warm brown eyes. At about five foot six, she was a slender woman and carried herself in a confident manner. "Hello, sweetheart." she said, kissing me on the cheek as she entered the house.

"Hello, Ann." I said, awkwardly.

"What's going on, Jonathan? You look terrible, are you feeling all right? You sounded so serious on the answering machine." Ann and I moved to the living room and sat down. "So what's the problem, Jonathan?"

"You know how I went with Suzy up to the mountains. Well, we had some trouble."

"Trouble?" she asked a little impatiently.

"Suzy is dead, Ann." Ann looked shocked and shifted uncomfortably. "Oh my God, what happened?" she asked.

I cleared my throat and rubbed my face with a nervous hand. "We had an encounter of sorts."

Ann looked at me and frowned, I could tell that she knew that I was stalling. I wiped sweat from my forehead. "A creature killed Suzy and I killed it." I blurted out.

She sighed, "What was it, was it a bear?"

"No, not exactly." I said.

"What, then?"

"It's not from this planet." I said.

"I didn't come here for this nonsense, Jonathan. I'm supposed to be at work right now catching up on audits." Ann was clearly upset, she took her career very seriously and right now more than ever she needed to be

managing the auditors at the company. "It's not nonsense, Ann." I said defensively, "I brought it home."

"Brought what home?"

"It's out in the garage," I said ignoring her question. "I had to bring it home, I didn't know just what to do. I had to preserve it."

"Good God, you really are serious, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

Ann was reddening in the face. Getting up, she said, "I'm going to leave. This is a waste of time. I really can't do this right now, Jonathan."

"Look, I've shown Gary "the thing", so I'm not the only one who has seen it."

"Jonathan, you don't look well. Get some rest and in the morning we can talk about the real problem here."

"Don't psychoanalyze me, Ann. I know what the hell I'm talking about."

"Stop this insanity. You could lose your job if this nonsense ever got out." She said sternly.

"This is more important than my job. We have to let people know, so that it can be handled correctly." Ann was getting very angry about now and stood up, shouting.

"What about us? How are we going to continue our relationship through all this! We both have our careers to think about!"

I walked up to her and gently took her hand. Looking into her eyes I said, "You know that I love you and that I would never lie to you. Just come and see for yourself. Then you will understand."

We went to the garage. As I opened the door she hesitated. "I don't need to see a dead animal in your freezer, Jonathan. Why don't you just stop this - now?"

"No, you need to see this."

"I'm not going in there." She was frightened, like a little girl believing a monster was hiding in the closet.

"Yes you are." I said taking her by the arm not too delicately. We came to the freezer and I let go of her arm to unlock the door. Ann placed her hand on the door to keep it closed. "I believe you." she said, trembling.

"The hell you do," I said, "but you will." I removed her arm from the door and opened it. Slowly, I took Freddie out of the freezer and placed him (if it was a him) on the table. Ann was now fixated, her curiosity getting the

best of her. I peeled away the wrapping to reveal the horror within. Ann screamed and backed up. "How the hell could you have brought that dead animal home and why have you put it in the freezer."

"*Animal!* What the hell are you talking about? That's a thing from somewhere out there" I pointed up. I grabbed Freddie and thrust its frigid form in front of Ann. "See, it's not animal, vegetable or mineral is it?" Ann screamed and ran towards the door. I quickly placed Freddie on the table and ran after her. I caught her in the house. "Ann, wait!" She stopped and turned to face me.

"It was an animal, that's all, and when you can see that and get rid of it and come to your senses, I will return. I'm going to work. You get some rest." She said all this with a smile on her face. It was, as if we had a minor tiff and nothing more. She walked out of my house and possibly out of my life. Only time would tell…

I returned to the garage and wrapped Freddie up once more and placed him back in the freezer. I headed into the house. It was time to get some sleep. There was nothing more that I could do right now.

As I lay there, I began to wonder if Ann was right. Maybe I should have just buried the damn thing. She was right to be angry with me. I should never have forced her to see what she wasn't ready to see. I was guilty by action what nature was guilty by allowing. I fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

I was awakened by hunger and was feeling better. I got out of bed, took a shower and ate some breakfast. All the nausea and headache was gone, but something lingered, something I could not put my finger on. I looked at the kitchen clock. It was 9:00 AM. Going to the back of the house, I opened the door to let the cool air in. I breathed deeply.

I went to the phone to check for messages. There were only two, one from Ann telling me that she 'needed her space right now' and one from Gary telling me that he would drop by at 10:00AM or so. This gave me time to collect my thoughts. Clearly, Ann had re-thought last night and had come to some understanding about our relationship. I felt awful, I really loved her but things had changed so much in the last couple of days that I no longer saw things the same way, including relationships. Maybe, in time Ann would understand the importance of this event and return to me. I couldn't force her. I was impatient once already and it may have cost me dearly. I spent my time waiting for Gary by reading some of the local papers. At about 10:15 in the

morning, Gary returned with some interesting news. He sat across from me, his face solemn and concerned. Something was amiss it seemed.

"What's the story, Gary?" I said, dreading the answer to my question. Gary leaned back in his chair. He looked exhausted. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine, just a little tired. I've been up all night thinking and making some calls to various organizations."

"What did you find out?"

"The individuals that I talked to seemed very suspicious at first but then when he understood that I was serious, they became interested."

"Did it seem as though anybody had any foreknowledge of the event?"

"No." Gary went into the kitchen and poured a glass of milk. When he returned I told him how Ann had responded to the sight of our frozen quandary.

"She was really scared, Gary, even when she saw for herself what we had, her mind clicked into the denial mode."

"It sounds like you were a little rough on her, though."

"I understand that, but there is a larger problem at hand. Are people ready for this kind of knowledge? I know I wouldn't be if someone approached me with this."

"Why? You've always seemed to be logical and levelheaded to me."

The truth, when it needs to be said, often makes us uncomfortable because it requires the shedding of some of the old things that have been so diligently programmed into us.

"I have never believed in any of these things. As you said, I am logical and levelheaded. Ghosts, aliens and secretive cover-ups have always, to me seemed to be part and parcel of a paranoid society. Now I find that in my own way, I have been the one to be mistrustful, not allowing myself the flexibility of thought to even consider the possibility."

"I've always thought that something had to be out there." Gary said.

"Something, yes, but not what we have. Don't you feel just a little threatened by Freddie's presence?"

Gary thought for a moment and smiled, relieving some of the tension. "No, not really. It's the human population that I am most concerned with." Gary said. "Still they need to know. We're not children. It's time to face the reality."

"That's debatable." I grumbled. "Who did you call anyway?"

"I called C.S.E.T.I, S.E.T.I, M.U.F.O.N, NASA..."

"What did you say to them?"

"I gave them a few of the particulars and alluded to the fact that we may have something. They were all unquestionably uncomfortable but not truly interested. I don't think that they thought that I was serious. I didn't tell them where to come, of course. Not till we agree on what you want to do exactly."

I was exceedingly grateful that Gary had exercised some restraint. The last thing that I needed was to have a media home invasion. Still I didn't have what I wanted, I would have to clarify. "What, Gary," I said evenly. "Did you say to them exactly, and by that I mean leave nothing out concerning all that was said."

"Well," he began, "the phone calls went something like this.":

"Hello, may I speak to someone about a possible encounter with an ET."

There would generally be a long pause, then the clearing of a throat or something. A voice, usually that of someone in authority would ask some questions, the first of which would be:

"What's your name and where are you calling from?"

"John Smith," I would say.

"Really?" He or she would reply.

"Maybe." Would be my response. Now they knew that I didn't want to be identified, at least at this time.

"What happened, Mr. Smith?"

"I was out hiking," I would impart, "When my dog encountered something that I had never seen before."

" Some kind of animal?"

"At first I wasn't sure, then after it attacked and killed my dog..."

"It killed your dog?" he or she would say, totally shocked. Now I had their undivided attention. "Maybe, let's say for the sake of argument, that it did and then I attacked it, killing it I'm afraid."

Another long pause, then whispering, "Where are you calling from?"

"I'm not ready to say, just yet."

"OK, I can understand that, so can you tell me anything else?"

"What if after killing it… What if I…"

"You did what???" the individual on the other end would say excitedly.

"I didn't say that I did, I said what if."

"I think that you are wasting my time and this is some kind of a joke, Mr. Smith."

"If I did take it home? What would you suggest, that I do?"

"Be careful…Good-bye." And then, *click*.

"That would be the gist of it, or they would just hang up." Gary said.

I now knew what I needed. Even the people at these various organizations felt it would be best to "Be very careful." There was no way I was going to talk to the police or media yet. It would have to be handled very carefully. Gary and I would have to pick our contacts cautiously.

"Gary," I said, "Last night after you left, I went to the University library to use their computer to access the Internet. I made several contacts, one with a man in Texas, head of a national UFO center. I think I might know someone else I can call at the university here, a professor of physics. I'll follow up on these later."

"Listen, Jonathan, I need to leave for work, I have some things to follow up on in the project that I'm doing right now. It feels strange."

"What ?"

"Going to work, kind of puts things in perspective, doesn't it. I mean all this going on and I'm off to work." There was a bewildered look on his face. Gary and I have now had the same strange experience. It was as if there were two different worlds we were now living in.

"I know how you feel." I responded.

"Well I'll come by this afternoon if I can swing it." Gary said.

"That sounds good. I'll call and make an appointment with Professor Moore." Gary left, although I knew that he really wanted to stay. I went to make the call to the university.

I was nervous. The professor and I have on numerous occasions had lunch and talked about each of our areas of expertise at great length. This time however, the conversation would extend into some troubling territory. I was now frustrated that the Professor and I had never broached the subject or communicated on how we felt about the possibilities involved in such a situation as this. I forced my hand to pick up the receiver and push the numerical keys which may end a long friendship. Each made their own varied tune in answer to my touch.

His secretary answered. "Professor Moore's office."

"This is Jonathan Reed. I would like to talk with the Professor. Is he in?"

"Yes he is, I'll get him." A few moments later and I heard the professor's familiar voice.

"Hello, Jonathan. What can I do for you?"

"I have something of interest to tell you regarding extraterrestrial bodies." I knew the Professor thought that I was referring to planetary bodies and meant to say terrestrial. If he only knew. Carefully I would have to steer the conversation in that direction. "What do you think about the possibility of there being life of some kind on Mars." I began.

"It's a possibility that should be explored. If we find the slightest form of life, say, a microbe, we have then made a significant discovery."

"How so?"

"Well, it changes the dynamics of all we have learned, it simply means that life may quite well be abundant in the universe. Incidentally why the sudden curiosity on the subject?" I would have to be inventive.

"I'm doing some research on applied sources of rigid class stigma involving rudimentary religious castes versus elementary New Age dogma supported by universal spiritualism." I said without hesitation. A long pause. Did he buy this line of instantaneously constructed hyperbole? The professor broke the uncomfortable silence.

"Sounds a bit like a lecture I attended a few years ago involving the effects of gravity on protostellar clouds of gas and dust, to later form stars. A bit complex, but fascinating."

"So you believe that out there somewhere there is some form of life, minute perhaps, but still it's possible?"

"I would have to say yes. I'm not of course about to have my aura read, you understand."

"Of course not." I said, chuckling.

"What do you believe, Jonathan?"

"I can say that I believe that we are not alone."

"Interesting. And what leads you to this conclusion."

"I saw something once...

The conversation with the professor went from there. It was several hours before he let me off the phone, promising to come over to the house and help. I told him that I had some evidence which amounted to absolute proof, that we are not alone in this universe. He probably thought that I had somehow gotten hold of space debris or a sample of a meteor. Whatever his imagination had conjured, it would lead him here to help me and that was what was important.

At about 1:30 PM, I received a call from Gary. He would be over at the house about 5:30, later than I had expected. This would give me time to go

out and get something to eat. I left the house feeling a little apprehensive about leaving Freddie there, knowing that I would be gone for awhile and that a few more people now knew something of his existence. I made sure that everything was locked up tight before I left the house.

I drove for a while making my way to a small neighborhood in north Seattle. There I ate at a local restaurant. Then I went across the street to a gas station for a fill-up and car wash. My Jeep was still dirty and covered in mud from the two trips to the mountain.

I was feeling a little better. Being cooped up and sick had taken its toll on me. I could hardly believe that just a couple of days ago, I felt as if I was going to die. Feeling alive again and in some control of my life, I decided to drive down to the beach and go for a walk. I had to make it quick considering that Gary would be at my house in an hour.

Parking my Jeep, I got out and walked along the store fronts. It was a beautiful day and I began to think about how it felt naked and so real, but I missed my dog. Everything stood out in contrast to my emotions. The lingering doubts and feelings of loss still had their hold on my heart. But I wasn't going to give in to them, not on a day like this. Walking to one of the piers, I watched some children fishing. What kind of world will we bequeath to our next generation, if we don’t deal with the truth now. Seeing how the truth of what I have found has affected me, makes me wonder if I really want anyone to know what's truly going on. Who the hell am I, to make such a decision for the rest of humanity. Was there an obligation here? Yes, there is. In our society we tend to deal with the symptoms and not the causes or the effects. In this way, relating to our problems has led to escapism and ignorance. If we are going to survive, then we all must deal with it, in truth and respect, to that which is in front of our faces and make that leap of faith.

TRUTH

CHAPTER THREE

Returning home, I found Gary leaning against his car, arms folded in mock anger. "And where the hell have you been?"

"I went out to get something to eat and took care of some loose ends. Was that OK?"

"You're late." Gary said.

"You're early."

"You look better. All your color has returned. How do you feel?"

“Fair. I drove over to the med. clinic at the university and got a check-up. They took some blood from me, in the hope of getting a handle on just why I’ve been so sick. They really couldn’t find much of anything other than dehydration, but we’ll see what the blood work shows. Also, while I was near the blood-lab, I took in a sample of Freddie’s blood to be analyzed. I told them that it was a sample from my dog, and that she had been in a fight with another animal. I asked if they could please check to see if there is anything I should be worried about, regarding her health. I’ll receive the results in a few days.”

“Fantastic, Jonathan.” Said Gary.

We made our way into the house.

"Also, I called Professor Moore."

"And?" Gary asked with anticipation.

"And, he wants to come by to see what I have. He was very receptive. It only took me an hour to get around to telling him the Reader's Digest version of all of it." Gary gave me that 'are you sure you know what the hell you are doing?' look. "It went fine, really," I said.

"Good. You stay here and watch the walls while I run like hell to the nearest military base."

"Your vote of confidence is truly overwhelming."

"How well do you know Moore?"

"Well, enough to tell him what I did. We have had numerous lunches together."

"Sounds very nice, but beer and burgers do not, a trustworthy person, make."

"It will have to do. At least I have seen the person, I've talked to."

"You got me there." Gary said.

Gary and I returned to the kitchen. I grabbed some paper and a pen; it was time to make some plans on how to best deal with the numerous scenarios that may occur due to my discovery.

First, we detailed in clinical fashion what had happened and what I had as proof. Then we drew a timetable breaking down the events to their basic components. This was followed by notes on my mysterious illness and its effects on me, the duration of the symptoms and similarities to other diseases and viruses. With this completed we moved on to our plans for safekeeping the creature. An examination of it would have to be done and notes taken before I let anyone take it from us. Then came a list of who knew what and who could be trusted with any information. I was counting on the professor to keep all he knew in confidence. This was a risk, but one I believed needed to be taken. Now, what to do if anything went wrong, people to contact, items to mail, etc.

"That should just about do it. Can you think of anything else?" I asked.

"No, I think we have just about all that we need here."

"How did your work go, Gary?"

"Tedious. Usually I love doing the work but all this has kind of encroached on my normal enjoyment of doing my job. That's why I was so late, it took me nearly twice as long to get my objectives completed." Gary said tightly.

"Did you happen to call anyone else?"

"Yes, I called the UFO Center in Seattle to find out if there had been any sightings of UFO's or meteors in and around the region during the last few days."

"What did you learn?"

'Someone always sees something.' was the most common response. Other than that, nothing of a significant nature." Gary said.

"I'm beginning to think that the Obelisk was much more responsible for all of this, and everything that took place up there in the woods." I said.

"What makes you think that?"

"It's just a feeling that I have. Strange thoughts keep running through my mind."

Gary stood up and leaned against the table.

"Tell me *Sir*, how long have you had *these feelings*?" he asked in his best 'put-on' German accent.

"Seriously, I think it's because I have finally gotten some sleep and food in me. I knew it was something more. Something in my dreams told we this and then I remembered a nightmare of running and running, and then the visage of the black wedge; the Obelisk looming high above me insurmountable and alive.

"*Earth to Jonathan*." Gary's voice had shaken me from my reverie. "Are you sure that you got enough sleep?"

"I was just thinking, what *was* the Obelisk? A ship, craft, door, tool box, home? Was it solid or hollow? A probe or a living thing, with a consciousness all its own? Was it taken or did it leave? Will it return for Freddie or maybe for me?"

"Good God Jonathan! We could have done without that last thought."

"Well, it's what's on my mind. And, I just can't seem to shake-it."

"Do you really think that *thing* could have been alive?" Gary slowly asked.

"It's as good a possibility as any. I mean, we are dealing with a whole new level of technology. It could be some kind of liquid or organic technology or something we have yet to think of."

"Jesus, I guess the sky's the limit on this one." Gary said.

"Think of the advancements in artificial intelligence or architecture just to bring the point home."

"I have, I have!" I could see that Gary's mind was going a mile a minute.

"The technocrats and the science nuts will have a field day with this." Gary said.

"What if the bastards want to make weapons from what they glean from Freddie? There is really no way of stopping that unfortunately, but at least we'll be the ones with the data, and hopefully we can take it where it will be best received, for whatever that's worth."

"Great… I feel safer already," Gary said sarcastically.

"How about advancements in medicine as well?" I said.

"These are all really lovely thoughts, but the reality is that they will dissect him, bury us and the information, and no one will ever be the wiser, my friend." Gary said.

The sad truth of it all was that Gary might be right. Things could get rough and we should be prepared if things got out of hand. I was beginning to think

like the rest of the UFO crowd. How much was truth and how much conjecture? As of yet, nothing had happened. If *they*, (whoever that was supposed to be) were really out there, wouldn't they have been at our door already?

"God, let's not get too paranoid here. No one has taken us to some padded room or tapped our phones yet." he said.

"You're right, and besides, soon enough other people will know what we have. We just have to be careful until then. Let the scientific world take most of the heat, meanwhile we can just fade into the background. Maybe then I can get my life back in order and Ann and I can go on a long and well-deserved vacation, far away from all of this."

"That sounds good, so what do we do next?" Gary asked.

"Well, I have to prepare for the Professor when he comes over. Until then maybe you can call a few more UFO organizations and see if anyone has found anything like what we have here."

"Jonathan, maybe we should call Art Bell! He's always dealing with Alien Stuff!"

"What is an *Art Bell*?" I asked.

"Well, He - is this really great guy who has an open-type forum international radio program where he talks about paranormal events and other strange and interesting ideas." Gary said with a chuckle.

"That's all that I need - now, is to be labeled some kind of ALIEN/ UFO *space-case-nut*, talking about some crazy story…"

"Jonathan? The truth is…"

"GARY !!! Don't - Go - There."

There was a lot I had to do. I needed to take a scientific look at Freddie.

"I will probably call the Professor tonight just to keep tabs on him until we meet."

"That sounds good to me. Do you think Ann will keep quiet about all this?"

"She, more than anyone, definitely wants to keep this from coming out. Ann fears for our careers, her family, friends and for our relationship. I can't fault her for not wanting to be part of any of this."

Yet, I was angry that she didn't stick by my side through the ordeal. I was very concerned about her disgust and inability to cope with helping me with the facts. Gary seemed to have dealt with this better than anyone, including

myself. For all of his antics, I knew that I could count on him for what needed to be done.

"Gary, what are your plans for the rest of the night?" I asked.

"I'm going home. I think I'll go *rustle up a dinosaur* or something to add to the fun we're having." He said with a laugh.

"So, call me." I said.

"OK, I'll call you later.

The morning was humid. Clouds hovered, trapping in the heat of the day. Gary was off doing his thing. I still had not heard from Ann. I was a little worried but I knew how she could be when she was upset.

I went to the store and looked at some magazines, such as Popular Mechanics, UFO magazine, Popular Science, Scientific America and Discovery, just to name a few. I wanted to see if there were any subjects touching on the situation I was now involved in. There of course was nothing, but there were some interesting articles concerning the advancement of technology.

I had stayed away from work, I had phoned-in twice to let them know that I was still sick. I did not like missing work, people depended on me to be there, but I wasn't any help to anyone in my current condition. I would have to probably take an extended leave of absence to deal with what I now was involved in.

Gary would continue to work, but I know that this was difficult for him to do. He seemed to be flying high on the knowledge that he now had. There was no concern on my part that Gary would tell anyone. He was a trusted friend, he would never do anything to endanger me or our strange secret.

When I arrived home I tried to call Ann. All I got was her answering machine. Next, I called the Professor, who confirmed our appointment for the morning. He sounded very excited to help. I called Gary on his cellular phone while he was still at work.

"Gary," I said, "are you coming over tonight."

"I'll be there." He said. I hung up the phone.

There still were plenty of things to do. I needed to clean up the garage and get the place ready for the viewing of Freddie. I went out to the garage and turned on the fluorescent lights. The place, though not dirty, was a bit messy. I wanted everything to look as respectable and professional as possible. This would be a very serious thing happening here and I wanted to make sure that the professor understood the enormity of the evidence we had. There was of

course, very little chance of the professor not understanding. If anyone should be able to comprehend the implications involved here it should be him. The task took just a few hours to complete. Of all the reasons I could have thought of for cleaning my garage, it never would have crossed my mind that it would be for a dead alien. Professional environment: my garage? Something didn't work here. Well it was the best I could do. Maybe someday we would be able to view Freddie at the Smithsonian Institute.

Later that night Gary showed up. We talked about the events of the day including other happenings around the world. Gary and I went out to the garage to look in on Freddie. The door was locked and secured.

"The place looks good, Jonathan." Gary grabbed a couple of milk crates that I had neatly stacked in the corner and made a seat from them. "You know," he continued, "Ann doesn't really like me much."

"Do you want a drink or something?" I asked avoiding his question.

"Sure, thanks." I left and went into the house. I knew that Gary would pick up the conversation right where he left off as soon as I returned, but this gave me enough time to consider carefully the answer I would give him. I knew this had been brewing for some time. The two of them were nice enough to one another but that was all a facade. Gary was very much the free spirit and Ann was the sensible type. Each had different ways of looking at the world. If Ann had been able to deal with what had happened, then her insight and levelheaded ways would have been invaluable and would have allowed for a good balance between myself with my illness and Gary's impulsive behavior. I thought as I grabbed the two cold sodas, the truth of the matter, was that Ann and Gary would have fought like cats and dogs, each trying to impress on the other the importance of their ideas.

“You know that I'm right about Ann. She really thinks that I’m a jerk or something."

"She doesn’t either. You two are just different in how you approach things in life, but that doesn't mean that she doesn’t like you."

"OK, but I can only imagine what she said when you told her that I was involved in all of this, with you. She probably thinks that I put you up to it!" I leaned against the table that stood next to the freezer.

"She said nothing." The truth was she was too shocked by what I was telling her to care about Gary’s involvement.

"Nothing, she said nothing?" Gary asked.

"I know that it cuts you to the quick to think that someone's attention could be pulled away from you, but let's face it, the real show here is Freddie."

"All right then. That aside, what about Mr. Freddie?"

"I suspect that after we show him to the professor, we should know more about what to do. I'm sure he has plenty of people he can contact. After that, the individuals in charge of such things will probably come and take our little friend away, and relieve me of the burden. God, bless'em."

"*And all will be right in the world*." Gary sniveled.

"I don't know if 'all will be right in the world' but we should have solid ground to stand on. And I think that there will still be lots of questions, which I have no-answers for."

Gary seemed satisfied by my answer. There was a good chance that after the Professor saw Freddie, that would be exactly what would happen.

"So what needs to be done before the Professor gets here?" Gary asked.

"Well, most of it's already done. Cleaning the garage was the main thing, and I need to do a detailed exam, but I think I will do this in the Professor's presence."

"What kind of exam?" Gary asked.

"Exterior, a 'topical autopsy'. I want to get a really good look at him. I think that the material of this suit must be organic tissue. The way it clings to him and it's always moist, but it doesn't freeze and neither does he."

Gary stood up. "Well, let's look at him, then," he said.

"Now?" Leave it to Gary to turn a comment into something to be dreaded. "I wanted to do it tomorrow." I said.

"I can understand that, but I was really hoping for a chance to see the creature close up again for myself." He was probably feeling like he was being cut out of the loop a bit, since he'd be at work when the professor was here, and when the exam would be done.

"Can't you just play hooky for one day, I'm going to need your help as well."

"Well, OK." he said. It would be helpful to have another person here just in case something went wrong. What that would be, I couldn't possibly imagine, but considering all that had happened, anything was possible now.

"Tomorrow morning about ten o'clock, all right?"

"You got it, and I'll bring some beer!"

We both laughed, and Gary left for home.

That night it had cooled down. I was looking forward to the meeting tomorrow with great anticipation. I lay in bed. It was about 10:30 at night and I was tired. Gary had gone back to work on some plans he needed to deliver before tomorrow's examination. I went over in my mind everything I could think of in order to show Freddie to the professor without causing a panic. He was an educated man and was already prepared with the knowledge that I had some form of evidence that we were not alone in this great universe. There was no need for him to be alarmed as far as I was concerned. We were friends, we had on occasion confided in one another about personal things regarding our jobs, so I felt he could be trusted. Gary would have to calm down a little. He could be quite professional when he was with clients, however, this situation, understandably, caused him a degree of excitement.

I was thinking that one of the main reasons the movies like 'ET' and 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' were so popular, was because they filled a void somewhere deep in our psyche. Very few of us really want to be alone out here. I think that most would like to think that there are other races of beings besides ourselves. But fear gets in the way, and people begin to deny what really seems to make the most sense; that if we are here, then most likely we are not alone. People, myself included, at one time or another, generally don't think of our planet as floating in space. We think that somehow we are not a part of the universe, but instead are on some disembodied sphere alone and hidden from everything else. I have news for those folks: "Welcome to the *real* universe. A place teeming with life and mysteries, and guess what, we are a part of it all."

When I was a child I asked my grandpa, pointing my little finger towards the heavens,

"Grandpa, do you think there are other living-things out there?" He looked up and said,

"Yes, we are up there." That is all he said on the subject, and that was all I thought about it for years. I didn't understand what he meant when he said that, until now. We are out here with, God knows who or what, and that somehow is a disquieting thought. But on the other hand, it makes things much more interesting. I know now we are definitely not alone.

I fell into a deep sleep. In my dream I was drifting through a tunnel of light and pulsing energy. I could see the universe dotted with bright stars at the end of the tunnel. I began to move faster. The light and energy surrounding me

blurred into indefinable colors. Sound became visible. My speed continued to accelerate. I felt myself stretch into what felt like pure energy, and before I realized it I was out of the tunnel and somewhere else in space. I passed through gaseous clouds and proto-star matter. My forward motion began to slow and the stars went from stretched bolts of light to masses of glowing energy. Soon I found myself flying over a large ball of fire. Its intensity should have blinded me. Somehow I was protected. Everything seemed so real that I never questioned my place there. I simply belonged. It was as if I made this voyage every night. I passed what had to be the sun of this solar system. That's when I saw it, a planet not unlike our own but smaller in size. How I knew this I couldn't say, but here information seemed to be part of this strange journey. They were facts I had no way of knowing, data that had not been obtained through the process of learning, but somehow were bestowed upon me by ways and means as mysterious to me as the origin of the universe.

I was now floating above some sort of city, its awesome beauty was beyond anything I had ever seen. Mountains covered in purple and green surrounded strange cyclopean towers and large glass spires. Floating crystal tubes filled the azure sky. I could see clearly within them. What I saw, were people who appeared to be considerably taller than ourselves. The color of their skin was a bluish gray in hue and they all had staffs of green fire which seemed somehow not to burn them. I started to move towards one of the tubes in particular. I was accelerating but not as quickly as before. I could do nothing to change my direction and was in fear that I would collide with the thing. A collision seemed unavoidable.

Ahead and past the tube, were pyramid-shaped buildings that seemed to collapse in on themselves, only to be whole again. Were they actually moving or was it a trick of design? For some unknown reason I began to feel nervous. I did not want to see what was in the tube that I was quickly approaching.

The windows, as I came closer, were dark and tinted but there were shadows inside; silhouettes I could not make out. Something caught my attention to the right of me. I looked and saw more of the folding pyramids but there was something else, a large black shape slowly moving in my direction, or was it moving at all? Could it be that it was undulating like some living thing? The size was staggering. It was a great triangle-shaped form hovering miles above the planet.

Once again I was looking straight ahead me. Suddenly I was thrust inside the tube. I moved through the dark crystal glass like a dolphin through water. It felt as if there was almost no resistance. Inside the tube seemed much larger than it did on the outside. Inside, it was about the size of a large passenger plane, outside it had appeared the size of a small bus. I could see two people at the far end of the tube sitting on cushions of energy. Moving towards them, I realized that I recognized them. It was Gary and another friend of mine, Dolly. Gary was wearing a tailored suit, Dolly blue jeans and a sweater. Gary walked up to me and asked, "How do you like my new designs?" Then he shook my hand and said good-bye, Dolly smiled, and I woke up. The dream had left a permanent mark on my mind and my emotions. I had a strange mixture of joy and sadness. What was this?

I looked at my alarm clock, it was 7:30 a.m. I climbed out of bed and threw on some clothes. I made my way to the kitchen and made some coffee and eggs. Ah I thought, the early morning staples of good living. I went outside and grabbed the paper. The sky was gray, and the cloud cover was thin. The weather man said it would be warm and sunny. For once, I thought the bastards might be right.

I sat down and opened the paper to the business section. I sipped my coffee slowly. It was hot but good. I noticed my answering machine had a message on it. I rose reluctantly and shuffled over to the phone. Pressing the button I felt a tinge of anxiety.

It was Ann. "Jonathan, I think we need to re-evaluate everything between us. You have been under a lot of stress and so have I, with this audit. Maybe we can talk later this evening. I'll be over at eight. OK, sweetie? All right, good-bye."

Well it seemed like everything was going to happen today. I needed to get some straight answers from the Professor so I could at least show Ann that the problem was passed to the next level and that someone other than myself or Gary has seen the creature.

At about nine, I went out to the garage with some chairs and a table that I had in the upstairs closet. It was a small folding table about five feet long and three and a half feet high. I would use this to place Freddie on. I also grabbed a tall lamp with a one hundred watt flood light to shed a little light on the subject. I set the equipment up and left, locking the door behind me.

I was happy that Ann had decided to come over tonight. I was certainly ready to apologize for my behavior, something that I felt rather guilty about.

Ann and I had our ups and downs but we had a good relationship overall.

At 10:00 a.m. the unthinkable happened... The phone rang. I picked it up.

"Jonathan?" It was the Professor. "I can't come, I'm sorry." His voice sounded shaky. Something was wrong.

"What's the problem, Ben?" I asked, concerned.

"I just can't, that's all… I'm sorry." In his own way he was trying to tell me something, but what?

"You can't? I don't understand. But - are you all right Ben?"

"I'm fine, just like the time I went skiing."

"But..."

"Sorry." And he hung up. I found that my hand was shaking as I hung up the phone. My mind began to race. What did he say? What did he mean? What was going on? Professor Ben Moore was not someone who was easily frightened. He was an intelligent man who weathered a lot of difficult situations in his life. What could have shaken him up so much? He said... "*like the time I went skiing."* What did he mean by this?

Then, I remembered one time when we went out to lunch together, he told me how the skiing trip he had just gone on, would be his last. Some friends talked him into going beyond the safety zone, marked by red flags, so they could enjoy a faster run. As I recall, he and his friends were nearly buried alive. Another group of people did the same thing but managed to escape the avalanche. They returned to the safety zone and reported the accident to the authorities, who came and extricated a very scared and embarrassed Professor Moore.

This memory did not make me feel any better but at least now I thought I understood. With that realization I became very nervous and then very angry. I was just wondering where the hell Gary was, when the doorbell rang. I ran to the door and peered through the peep hole. It was Gary. I quickly opened the door and ushered him inside. He saw the look on my face.

"What's going on?" he asked, as he sat down on the couch.

I started to pace which I only do when things seem to be totally out of control. I looked at him, stopping for a moment.

"It isn't a game anymore." I took a deep breath, "We may be in real trouble here."

"What happened?" Gary asked.

"The professor called, he was scared, really scared. He told me that he couldn't come."

"Maybe he was sick or something." Gary didn't hide his fear well and he was afraid.

"Did he tell you why he couldn't come?"

"No, he didn't, but something is wrong."

"Then maybe, things are all right." Gary replied.

"They're not all right. I could tell that something was definitely wrong." Gary was getting agitated. "He mentioned his skiing trip to Lake Tahoe two years ago." I said.

"And just what the hell is that supposed to mean?" he blurted out, his face reddening. I would have to explain about the trip. "When he went skiing that one time, he was almost killed when buried by a avalanche. He was lucky to have survived."

Gary understood. "I have some more news to heap on you." Gary said slowly.

"What?" I asked in such a way as to let Gary know that this would be a really bad time for his special brand of humor.

"I'm serious! A dark blue van has been sitting out in front of my house for the last 12 hours. The windows are blacked out and it doesn't belong to anyone I know, who lives in the neighborhood."

"Let's not get overly paranoid. There could be any number of reasons why it's there."

"You're the one with the *professor* who had a *bad skiing trip* and speaks in some sort of *code*, pal." Gary shouted.

He had me there, but my story seemed to carry with it some unavoidable facts. "Did you check out the license plates?" I asked.

"Yes, and there was nothing unusual about them that I could see. But you know that in my neighborhood you just don't park a van with black windows, let it sit on the street for 12 hours without anyone noticing."

I could see that this was going to be a long day, and I still had Ann to deal with. I didn't want her to get involved with any of this if she was going to be in danger. Gary and I would have to make some plans.

"We can't talk to anyone about this on our home phones. It's far too dangerous." I said.

"Do you think someone may have our phones tapped?"

"I really don't know, but if that van is watching you then they may very well tap our phones too."

Were we going too far with this? Maybe we were just being overly dramatic. If we were, there was no better time for it.

"Better to be safe - than sorry." I replied.

"I agree. What should we do next?"

"A lot. But I need to take a closer look at Freddie. We need to see if there is anyone else we can call that will be able to help us."

"Jonathan, did you look in today's paper?"

"Only the business section, why?" I could see that Gary was getting excited.

"*Professor X* will be coming to Seattle!" Gary exclaimed.

I quickly moved to the kitchen with Gary following. I grabbed the paper and sure enough there was an article, written about the world renowned Astrophysicist and Astronomer, indicating his arrival to a hospital in Seattle for some medical tests.

"We can't miss this chance." I said, breathing heavily. My body was trying to catch up with my mind, with little success. "Do you think it's a good idea?"

"Yes. What choice do we have?"

I was as apprehensive as Gary about what we needed to do, but it was now a necessity.

"We should go tomorrow night."

Gary looked like someone who was just dropped into foreign territory without the benefit of a map, or language guide. "Are you all right Gary?"

"Things seem to be moving a little fast, that's all."

"I know how you feel. The first day this happened, I thought that I would go completely out of my mind."

"It seems to me that insanity may be the least of our worries." Gary said.

He was right. Things were starting to spin once again out of our control. We now needed to get things back to a place where we could maneuver. I said, "Let's go and take a look at Freddie."

"You want to go ahead with the *exam*?" Gary asked.

"Yes, its time. I don't think that we should wait any longer."

We both moved to the garage. It was time to get everything we could on Freddie. We would take video and photos of everything and Gary could make drawings of the details.

I went to the freezer and unlocked it, pulled Freddie out and laid out the cold body on the table, I had set up earlier. I turned on the tall lamp, its powerful light throwing deep shadows. I had shut the door and the single

window was blocked, so the rest of the garage was now virtually pitch black. I began to unwrap Freddie slowly. Gary photographed everything, and the video was running. I began the examination by having pictures taken from his face to his feet, front and back… And on it went…

A CLOSER LOOK

CHAPTER FOUR

THE EXAMINATION

This will be a topical examination, and at no time will the body be cut. The tissue must remain intact, no compromising of any internal element will be explored. What I am at this time attempting to accomplish, is a rendering of topical analysis.

THE SKULL:

The size is comparable in proportion to that of an adult human, but with significant differences. Totally different Jaw lines. No exterior ear canals but membranes.

NOTE: The wound on the upper back side, about 1 « X « 1.5 inches, seems to be pushed back in and reattached in place. It may be that the freezing, has somehow allowed for some regeneration of the tissue. The tissue has bonded to the outer bone-flap, cementing it in place. There is what seems to be solid bone, covering the area where in a human the "soft" tissue of the nose is found. There are two small "slits" or nasal entries, that are directly through the solid nasal bone area, but no soft tissue. It was just a flat ridge, no nose. Examining the top portion of the skull reveals what feels like a frontal bone. The sides are composed of a partial bone descending down to a temporal and zygomatic bone arrangement. There is some enhanced surface bone definition circling the eye or orbital area in / and through the lower area of the temporal bone, just above the area of the temporomandibular joint in a human. Conclusion: this is not a human. Either some kind of hybrid of human/ bio form, extraterrestrial.

JAW JOINT:

This seems to be lower and to the front 2 1/8 inches. Much like that of a young human child of two to three years of age.

SKIN ON HEAD:

The skin is grayish in color with a little tint of pink. Its texture is over all harder than a humans with less elasticity.

Skin overall appears to be aged or old, similar to that seen on a human of 70 to 80 years. The neck, lower face and eyes also appear aged and extremely wrinkled.

EYES:

The eyes are large, about 3 inches from out side to the nose area. Lid opened, about 2 inch oval or almond in shape. When lid is pulled open, the cornea reveals a large pupil. Limbus of cornea (the white area), is a dark reddish gray with black spots. When each eyelid is opened, there seems to be what looks like tarsal glands. No lashes, the cornea or lens seems to be almost reflective. Upper forehead, large frontal belly (frontalis), of epicranius.

LOWER FACE:

Upper cheeks- zygomaticus major and minor, compressed where the nose should be.

NOTE: Almost no nose area as mentioned.

MOUTH AND JAW:

Small, about 1 «" wide opening from side to side, Fish like, no lips. When opened the mouth reveals small needle like teeth and a small blackish / gray tongue.

JAW:

Could feel a risorius muscle and platysma like muscle under and to the side of chin. Almost human like. Could not see any vocal cords, maybe they are deeper down in the neck.

NECK:

Small in diameter, skin very wrinkled. Feeling around the back of neck with my fingers, I feel what seems like a trapezius muscle around the side and front. I think I can feel the clavicle bone and sub-clavicle muscle. The

sternothyrod muscle, the omohyoid, all invested by cervical fascia. Bottom area covered by black skin suit.

REMOVING THE SKIN SUIT:

I am taking an exacto knife, (lacking a scalpel) and cutting at the neck to expose the chest area. I am making the incision, cutting in a downward motion. The material is cutting much easier then expected. I have made a six inch vertical cut and . Oh my God! It's Closing ! It's Closing ! The now separate pieces are extending small rubber-like tendrils seeking to latch themselves to one on the opposite side. Gary and I watched transfixed as the skin suit seals itself. It only took seconds but the closing was total. I observed no seam or any sign that the suit had ever been sliced. I take off my watch setting it down on the table beside to body. I will time the event. I make the cut again, completing a ten inch incision just as the second hand reaches 12. At 27 seconds and the suit closes totally again, perfectly. I wonder, is this some kind of bio-suit or living tissue?

BIO-SUIT:

It must be some sort of special engineered molecule. Something similar in nature to a "zeolite catalyst". It has a unique property that enables it to mend or reconstruct itself in a almost bio-molecular manner but chemical in compound. Fantastic! I will try to cut it again. Separating the areas by as large a distance as possible. I begin making the incision at the same point as the first. I can't believe it. The suit has bonded to the blade refusing to allow for any cut to be made. I release the exacto knife and the suit re-forms to its former shape. The suit learns. This piece of information staggers the mind. Gary has pictures of this event and the preceding ones as well. I will continue my examination, feeling through the bio suit with my hands.

BODY FRAME WORK:

In the thorax region anterior I feel what seems to be a pair of clavicle bones sitting a little lower than they would be in a human, above the rib cage.

RIB CAGE:

I count (7) anterior, and (10) posterior. (3) less and (2) less than in a human. Feeling down its body, there seems to be most of all the major muscle groups.

HIPS:
They seem to be small, as in an eight to ten year old child. Same hip joints and femur bones as a human. Note: There are no external genitalia or any openings that I can feel through the suit. I can't determine the sex of Freddie.

ARMS:
Much the same as a young adult human but unable to determine muscles due to bio suit. All bone joints resemble that of a human.

HANDS:
The hands, even enclosed in the bio suit three-fingered glove, feel internally as if there are 4 fingers and 1 thumb on each hand. Longer fingers than that of a human, by an inch or so.

LEGS:
Small in size, child-like. All joints and bones seem comparable to that of a human.

FEET AND FOOT COVERING:
Unable to feel feet or toes through bio suit shoe covering, too hard a surface. The material of the foot covering is the same as that of the bio-suit, it is all one piece. Can not feel toes, can not tell how many or any details.

* Total body weight I estimate to be only about 50 or 60 pounds. Little, for its mass. Total body length approximately 53 inches.

With the examination over and the strange reaction of the clothing that Freddie was wearing, now permanently ingrained in our minds, Gary and I wrapped up the body now knowing two very important things. One, Freddie is an alien being. There could be no mistaking it now. And two, we were dealing with a whole new technology (referring to Freddie's clothing), which was something that needed to be analyzed by the scientific community. Gary and I were ready to see Professor X. We were fortified by what we had witnessed. We placed Freddie back into the freezer and I closed and locked the door.

Back in the house. I was shaking with excitement, overwhelmed at what we had found. It was now going to be a problem just leaving the house. The thought of someone following me or Gary left me with a sick feeling inside. Were we being watched, or were we just being paranoid. It was time to call Ann. Gary decided to leave after we had time to mull over what we had just learned. I walked him to the door.

"Be careful Gary. Remember that we have something extremely important here, and some people might not like what we have found."

"Believe me, I understand. I just hope we are imagining all this."

"Not likely." I responded.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Ann has to go to work today because of the audit, I'll catch her before she goes in."

"What are you going to tell her?" he asked a little nervously.

"The truth. What else could I tell her?" Gary didn't like my answer much and frowned a little. He shook my hand.

"Good luck my friend-you'll need it."

"Thanks a lot." Gary left. It was about 12:30 p.m. and I was really feeling alone. I went to the kitchen. Everything seemed hollow compared with what I had just witnessed. Strangely, it seemed to be the only thing that was real. I was caught in a widening sphere of mystery. I took the phone in my hand and thought of what I was about to do. It rang twice, then she answered.

"Hi Ann, this is Jonathan."

"What's going on? I thought that we were going to talk tonight. I'm getting ready for work now." I could hear that she was already annoyed, but I had to take care of this right now. "Ann, we have had a little setback." I winced as I said this. It wasn't exactly what I wanted to say. It sounded as though I had a bad business meeting or something.

"Jonathan, what are you talking about?"

"Gary and I ..."

"Jesus, Jonathan, how long are you going to let that overgrown child get you into trouble?" She was already starting in on Gary. She probably remembered that I had shown Gary the creature. She didn't say anything earlier and now she was trying to make up for lost time.

"Lets not get into that right now, Ann. If anyone has gotten anyone into trouble, it's me with this damned discovery." There was a long pause, the proverbial calm before the storm.

"Jonathan," she started off calmly, "I don't think you know what you are doing. I'm just about at my wits end with you and all this crap. It's going to ruin everything, including your career."

"Ann, I..."

"Don't interrupt me! I wanted to talk to you tonight as a last ditch effort to pull our relationship together."

Now I was at a loss. I knew we had some problems, but this was just too much. "Ann, we may have had some problems, but lets not throw away everything we have accomplished between us because of this."

"Jonathan, you have a thing in your freezer. You could have buried it, you could have done any number of things but instead you let it, get between us."

"That's simply not true! Things have gotten dangerous. I just don't want you to get hurt. We have contacted some people so we could take care of this and get back on with our lives." She was not ready to accept anything I had to say. I was in trouble. This nightmare was threatening to consume everything in my life that was important. "We can work this out, Ann. Please!"

"No. I thought we could, but after what you have put me and my family through the last few days, I've come to the conclusion that I can't handle it. Jonathan, I hope you find what you're truly looking for because it is obvious to me that you'll never be happy until you find it." She was crying now and I was just stunned and heartbroken. "Good-bye, Jonathan." I heard a click but it wasn't her phone. I ignored it.

"Ann!"

"Good-bye Jonathan!"

She hung up and a fraction of a second later there was another couple of clicks. Someone was an unwelcome listener to what had just happened. I suddenly felt very alone. What was there left to do? I had lost everything now. Regardless of what Ann had said, I loved her very much and now she too was gone. This was ridiculous. One day out in the mountains and everything in my life turns upside down. I needed to do something to take my mind off all this. A drive was the only answer. I wish somehow the whole event was over, I sure as hell didn't want the damn thing in my life. Let it screw up someone else's day, and leave me out of it.

AWAKEN
CHAPTER FIVE

I grabbed the keys and left the house not sure what my next move would be. At that moment things had begun to clarify in my thoughts. I jumped into the Jeep, backed up and drove down the alley onto the street. I needed to go somewhere to think and put my thoughts in order. The freeway had light traffic at this time, as it was early in the afternoon and most people had left early this morning to enjoy the beautiful day. Where should I go? I had to deliver a few things but at this point, just being out of that house and in the sunshine was great. I drove for several hours trying to place everything into some perspective. I drove along the coast, just looking at the blue water in Puget Sound. It always had a calming effect on me. I continued to drive into the night. At about 8:00, I decided that it was time to go home. I was out long enough and it was time to start making plans on how to see Professor X tomorrow. I made my way home on a quicker, less scenic route, feeling better knowing that I was not totally alone in this thing and that I knew I was not insane. Despite the events of the day, the professor not showing up, Gary's mysterious van, the phone clicks (which I took to be taps) and Ann's decision to leave me, I had accomplished some things too. Now I had some idea where I stood in the scheme of things. Gary and I also found out a little about our frozen friend as well.

It was about seven miles from my house when I realized that somewhere in my little voyage I had picked up a tail. A van, of all things. It occurred to me that this individual had been following me for the last 20 minutes. Every so often he would duck behind a vehicle for a while. I had seen it off and on, but paid little attention. When I had stopped for gas the van was there, when I stopped at the drive-through the van was behind me and now once again it was there. It was a large van with fog lights, deeply tinted windows and a small gray satellite dish on top. The dish was folded down and surrounded by numerous antennas. It looked like a large metallic porcupine. It had a sinister feel to it. If those inside driving it were trying to be elusive they failed miserably. How could I have missed them earlier? Perhaps their

clandestine operation was not to hide from me but rather to be visible, very visible. I couldn't fathom it. What were they trying to do? Were they attempting to *herd me* somewhere? I didn't think so, as they hadn't yet made any real aggressive moves and I was then nearly home. I'm not sure that I wanted them to know that I knew. I parked my Jeep waiting to see what they would do next. They slowed down about a hundred feet behind me, then suddenly sped up and drove past me out of sight. I left the place where I was parked and made my way home. There was no sign of them.

I arrived at home at about 11:45 PM. I had driven around to the front of my house to be sure no one was watching. There were no vehicles of a suspicious nature to be seen. I parked the Jeep in the back and carefully looked around to make sure that all was clear. When I felt comfortable, I left the Jeep and started for the house. I walked around the house making sure everything was, as I left it. Once that was done, I went out into the garage to put away the light and table. I knew this could wait until tomorrow but I wasn't tired. As I was folding up the table I heard a soft thump. I stopped. It happened again, this time followed by a low squeaking.

The sound seemed to be coming from behind the freezer. It might be the compressor going out. Great, that's all I needed right now. If it was the compressor, I thought, then I had a really big problem. The body would begin to rot. I simply could not afford this dilemma. I would have to call Gary. Maybe I could use his freezer. If not, I would have to clean out my refrigerator and call a repairman.

I walked to the freezer and could hear a scratching sound. I checked behind it and listened. The sound wasn't coming from there. Could it be a rat? What the hell was going on? I walked around to the front of the freezer, and could hear the thump sound a little louder. I checked the door and saw it was locked. It seemed a silly thing to do, but if the lock was loose then perhaps the vibration of the motor was moving it. No, the door was quite secure. The squeaking and thumping became louder, sounding as though it was coming from the inside. What was going on? I needed to check on Freddie and move the body if necessary. I grabbed the key for the freezer, unlocked it and quickly pushed open the door. Nothing on earth could have prepared me for what lay in store.

I saw the body silhouetted against the back of the freezer. The light and shadows gave a feeling of surrealism. Suddenly, Freddie's body jerked as his head spun around, glaring at me. I took two steps backward almost falling

over. I was petrified. He was moving and ALIVE!!! His face contorted in an expression of what I took to be a mixture of fear and fury. The creature let out a hellish scream. The air was at once, driven from my lungs by the force of it. I staggered backwards. The air around Freddie seemed as if to be boiling. I had to do something or I would find myself passed out on the floor and at the mercy of this being. I pushed my way back to the freezer, fighting the dizziness and the chaos as if battling a raging storm. As I reached up to grab hold of the door, the creature suddenly retreated downward into a fetal position at the bottom of the freezer. I slammed the door closed. I pushed myself away from the freezer and ran like hell, through the garage and out into the yard. Now there was nothing but dead silence.

I flew into the house, closing and locking the kitchen door behind me. God, what is happening? I was panting, trying to catch my breath, shaking and riddled with fear. God, *its* still alive! Gary, I have to talk to Gary. I grabbed the phone, and quickly punched the numerical sequence that would awaken Gary to a very surprising turn of events. I was at a point of early hysteria, Freddie was alive! I had not killed it. The find of the century was alive and in my garage! "Hello." It was Gary. I did not wait for him to clear the cob webs.

"Gary, <u>Get The Hell Over Here</u> - Right Now!!!"

"Jonathan?"

"Yes, it's me so wake up, now!"

"Do you know what time it is? God isn't up this early."

"Gary, Freddie's Alive!" I said as evenly as possible. There was no mistaking the sound of the phone dropping. I could hear Gary fumbling for it amid curses. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes, Damn It, Yes! He's Alive!!! So get over here - NOW!"

"All right, I'm on my way." He said confused as he hung up.

I sat down in the living room, shaking from the adrenaline high. How could Freddie be alive? The wound on his head was still there but nowhere near as pronounced. Could the freezer have had a healing effect on him? When I had examined him, the wound appeared to be partly healed. I took this as being the same effect as a person's hair or finger nails growing after death. It never occurred to me to think that it might mean something else. Perhaps this was a byproduct of the bio-suit Freddie was wearing. The creature must have been in some kind of hibernation state that I took to be

death. There were no vital signs that I could ascertain, Freddie hadn't given any indications of life after I hit him.

The creature was dangerous, but things were somehow different this time. Maybe because it was locked up and somewhat under my control. Also I knew a little bit about it and most importantly, this time I would not be alone. Somehow, I felt more calm about all of this, then I truly understood. I really didn't know why.

This could answer many questions that have plagued our species for so long. This was a Holy Grail of sorts. New life could be breathed into the scientific community. It could possibly take us all into a whole new direction. I never thought about the people that had claimed they had seen and experienced some kind of alien contact. There were organizations searching for some glimpse of alien existence that they could show the world. Now the evidence was here for all to see and it truly belongs to everyone.

Gary arrived at 1:15 in the morning. He was pacing again and seemed to be very nervous. I filled Gary in on the days events and now I asked him, "Do you want to see it, Gary?"

"Shit, I don't know." he stammered. Gary had heard my account of what had happened when I opened the door. No doubt he was scared but also concerned about the effects of the scream. I would have to assure him that everything would be okay.

"I will stand by the door, you will stand about 10 feet back. As soon as Freddie goes *banshee* on us, I will slam the door, closed." I said this with as much conviction as I could muster, in reality - not knowing just what the hell I was talking about…

"What if he gets loose, or has some kind of natural defense we haven't seen yet?" Gary added.

I thought for a moment. "He would have used it by now, I think. The only thing I have seen him use is his scream and he can extend his flesh, stretch it like rubber, but I think he must first have a grip on you." Gary didn't look totally convinced, I wasn't so sure myself that I was right, but the chance had to be taken.

"How about the death of Suzy? Being sucked into herself the way she was. God, how do we stop that from happening to us?" Gary said in a worried tone.

"Suzy was in direct contact with it, we won't be, trust me." After going round and round with Gary on various safety ideas, I finally talked him into

reluctantly going with me to the garage. Gary seemed to be spooked, and so was I. It wasn't only this, it was everything that was happening. The van, me being followed, the clicks on my phone, maybe too much for anyone to handle. But somehow, I felt strangely grounded and curious.

We entered the garage, Gary stood a good 10 feet back, I moved to the door and grabbed the key. "Are you ready?"

"Wait." he said. Gary walked over to where I had a broom, and grabbed it like a weapon.

"What the hell are you going to do with that?" I asked bitterly.

"It's just… in case it gets loose." I could understand how he felt but I couldn't allow this.

"Gary," I said quietly, "We don't want to do anything that might threaten him. Just put it down, I think it will be all right." Gary placed the broom back and moved into position again. "Ready?"

"No, but I guess I'm as ready as I will ever be. Just do it."

I slowly unlocked the door. There was no sound inside, which made me all the more nervous. "Just hold on," I said as I gripped the door handle. "Here it goes!" I flung the door open.

Freddie let out a scream that would have raised the dead, shocking and stunning us to the core.

Gary screamed, "Shut it! Shut the door! Shut it - Now!"

Freddie was ready this time with his little arms grabbing the inside of the door, himself. I wasn't prepared for this, and nearly fell as the door was pulled out of my hands. The creature was much stronger than I had anticipated. I would have to make a note of this. Gary was pale, his eyes were bulging from their sockets. He looked as if he was going to go into shock, his body went temporarily limp and the air seemed to have been sucked out of him.

"*Un-Fucking-Believable!!!*" he said through trembling lips as he began to breath.

I locked the freezer door and seized him by the arm hastily ushering him into the house.

I dropped him onto one of the chairs in the dining room, and I went to get him a glass of water. When I returned, Gary had his head in his hands. He was slumped over so far, I thought he was going to fall on the floor.

"Here," I said quietly, "have some water. It will help." He reached up a trembling hand, spilling some. He took a sip, then placed the glass on the

table. I placed my hand on his shoulder. "Are you all right, Gary?"

"God, I don't know. Give me a second to recuperate."

"You got it." I said reassuringly. I had seen Gary in almost every emotional state but never this one. Gary was on the verge of losing it, I would have to handle the situation carefully. As I pulled up a chair next to his, he looked up. Most of the color had returned to his face. A good sign. I waited for him to say something. There was a long pause and finally he broke the silence in his own fashion.

"I think I need a clean pair of underwear." he said with a thin smile. Humor was Gary's defense against situations that others reacted to with anger or tears.

"What are you going to do now? God - Jonathan, this is just unbelievable."

"I'm not sure, but I think now would be a good time to find Professor X." I replied.

"When? How about now? I'll go with you - right now!" Gary whispered in a breath.

"No not now, sometime later." Gary had to relax. I could see that he was about ready to explode. "We need to start rethinking everything now." I said this as calmly as possible. I didn't want to upset Gary any more then he already was.

"Now, it's Alive. Well, if they weren't watching us before, they are certainly going to be, if they find this out. God, what are we going to do?" Gary said nervously.

I leaned back in my chair and took a deep breath. "We need to stay focused on the situation here, that's the first order of business." I said. "We need to stop calling people from home about this. We need to be very careful in everything we do from this point on." I looked at Gary. He was nervous, but who could blame him under the circumstances, so was I. "We need to check in with each other often," I said continuing. "Don't say much just, 'Hello how are you?' that kind of thing. We should probably call each other from payphones if we have anything important to say."

Gary was not a happy camper, I could see that he was excited about Freddie being alive but that wasn't the only problem. He was also concerned about the surveillance end of it.

"I think we have just landed ourselves in a real mess. There are people out there that are not going to like any of this. They would much rather

destroy us all, than risk public exposure." Gary said seriously.

I could see that things were a little crazy but were we really in that kind of trouble? "We don't know if anyone really wants to stop us. If they did, wouldn't they have done something to us, I think by now? “Like I said before, we need to keep focused. Let's not let our imaginations run wild here. There probably is- someone watching us, but it could be the media hoping for a glimpse of what we have or some private investigator working for one if the organizations that you called. They probably used caller ID or something and went from there." I said.

"How about the telephone, how do you explain that?"

"Maybe it's a mechanical problem. The point is, we keep our wits about us and don't get crazy." I was a little nervous too, but I really had no idea who was in the van. The possibility that someone was watching us seemed so strange to me that it was hard to grasp. "The best thing for you to do is go home and get some rest if you can."

"Rest? Shit, are you kidding? What are you going to do?" Gary asked.

"I will make some notes on what happened here tonight. From now on, everything has to be kept in notes, no matter how insignificant. We need to document everything."

Gary slowly stood up. "I guess its important for us to keep up some kind of normal appearances, at work at least. God, I'm not sure I can. I just can’t stop thinking about it."

"I'll have to call work and check in also. I’ll do that tomorrow. That gives me 24 hours to figure out just what else I am going to do now." I said with a heavy sigh.

“Maybe, we should just…*kill it*.” Gary said. “Its wounded anyway, and maybe its going out of its mind. Jonathan, it could seriously hurt or even try to kill you! You’ve got to get rid of it.” Gary was truly afraid of all that had happened. I knew just what he was going through. I thought about all that he had said but somehow deep inside, I felt differently, almost calm. “Gary, I don’t know why but I don’t think Freddie will hurt me. I felt something from Freddie, when we were in the garage. Almost as if ‘He’ was asking or telling me something. But, I know we’re <u>not</u> going to kill him or do anything else to hurt him. Do you understand me?” I added with a firm tone. “Remember what you told me, about Freddie being the *find of the century?* Well, think about it, Gary. *He’s ALIVE*! Don’t you think that ‘He’ is even more important,

now? Think what we will be able to learn from this!" Gary slowly looked up at me and said, "I guess you're right, but its just so incredible!"

We talked for some time until Gary was able to calm down. It was late, about 2:45AM, when I asked if he wanted to just stay here and get some sleep. But he said that he was okay, and wanted to go home. I couldn't blame him. Gary and I said our good-byes, and off he went. I didn't mention to him, that if in fact our phones were tapped, then somebody now knew Freddie was alive, thanks to me phoning Gary. It was something that hadn't crossed my mind, due to the fact that I was so overwhelmed by Freddie's sudden resurrection. My God, I just couldn't believe it, but it was really true.

LINK

CHAPTER SIX

I sat alone till about 3:00 a.m. when I decided to take a chance. I would try to communicate with Freddie, I couldn't let this opportunity slip by.

I entered the garage slowly, quietly closing the door. As I listened I could hear the crickets outside even through the door. I brought with me a flashlight and a bowl. I thought that maybe Freddie didn't react well to fluorescent light. It might be pain that made him scream. This was of course a very thin theory, but one I wasn't willing to ignore. The fact that I could get myself or Freddie killed crossed my mind. If I could have done this with someone that could deal with what I was about to do I would have waited.

I put my ear to the freezer door. I heard, as well as felt, a thump about where my head was. I jumped. He knew I was here. I gingerly took the key and unlocked the door. There would be no light inside the freezer when I opened the door, the bulb burnt out long ago and I never replaced it. Slowly I opened the door. I could hear some strange kind of gravelly sound coming from within. I opened the door fully and backed away. Quickly I turned the flashlight on and pointed it to the bottom of the freezer allowing for just enough ambient light to touch Freddie's form. He withdrew into the freezer for a moment, shielding his eyes. Slowly he emerged, his liquid-like dark eyes fixed on me.

I walked over to a sink that was in the corner, carefully keeping the light level and never taking my eyes off the little fellow. Holding the bowl in one hand I turned on the faucet just a little. I felt that any sudden loud noise could undo this moment and send Freddie into another wild fit. I filled the bowl about half way then set it down to turn off the faucet. Freddie watched me through eyes which never seemed to blink. I then moved slowly towards the table next to the freezer. I placed the bowl of water there. Freddie looked at me then at the water. I backed up, being careful not to shine the light in his eyes. Freddie seemed relatively calm, but who knew what was going on in that mind of his. Suddenly Freddie jumped the few inches from where he was

sitting over to the table. I dropped the light and Freddie screamed. It didn't last long, though. I shouted "Stop!" To my amazement he DID. He stared at me, his head swaying slowly from left to right. "Thank you." I said. He probably had no idea what I was saying, but I was glad that he had stopped. Maybe he sensed my tone. The little creature placed one of his fingers inside the bowl and touched the water. He then withdrew it and placed the finger to his lips. Slowly Freddie picked up the bowl with both hands, and looked at its contents. Placing it to his mouth, he took a small swallow. I couldn't believe it. There seemed to be some kind of trust developing here. The fact that he was willing to emerge from the freezer at all showed some promise of possible future development in communication with the creature.

As I was having these thoughts, Freddie thought it would be best to ask for more water, in I guess the only way he knew how. I found my head to be the target of his demands. The light plastic bowl bounced off my head and onto the floor. This action by him was accompanied by a short high-pitched screech. I quickly covered my ears, and noticed that Freddie was watching with great interest at my response. Perhaps when we first met I set a bad example by smacking him on the head with a club, and now Freddie was responding in kind. Or perhaps he was trying to teach me a lesson, I'm not sure.

I walked over to the bowl and picked it up, taking the light off Freddie for just a moment. That was enough time for him to find some safety inside the confines of the freezer, his new home. I shined the light on the door and could see his fingers and hands gripping the sides. Slowly his head peered over the side and he blinked. It was the first time I had seen this. The creature might not have the same need to blink his eyes as we do. It could be that he needed to do it only once in a great while. It also could be that this was a part of his way of communicating.

I returned to the sink and poured some more water for him, this time placing the bowl further out in the room. He would have to come closer to me this time if he wanted to drink. Basic behavioral modification. The door opened and Freddie leaped to the ground, startling me with his speed. Now he moved slowly towards the bowl I had set on the floor. He didn't move in the quick, sporadic motions I had seen when I first saw him. Of course he was fighting with Suzy. A tinge of anger made its way to my face as I thought this. Freddie didn't miss the expression and stopped mid-way to the bowl. I closed my eyes for a brief moment and tried to focus on what I was

attempting to accomplish here. When I opened my eyes I saw Freddie staring at me with an intensity that made me very uncomfortable. Maybe he was sensing my feelings. He began his trek once more to the bowl. I was amazed at the creature's bravery, or was it curiosity that was the motivation behind this behavior? Freddie drank the water quickly and this time placed the bowl back down on the ground, and gave another of his unnerving yells. I could see this coming and closed my hands over my ears to block out the sound. Freddie stopped and stared at me again. I withdrew the hands from my ears. He tilted his head and straightened it again, then without warning he opened his mouth again, and I covered my ears. No sound came out, not so much as a whisper. I uncovered my ears. Looking at him, I sensed somehow that he was pleased with my response. I knew then that he was studying me, as much as I was studying him. This was not any wild animal, this was a life-form or missing link from some as yet unknown place in the universe. He may very well be my intellectual superior; more than likely, technologically he was for sure.

I was made uncomfortable by this revelation. I had spent all my life believing that humankind was the master of all he surveyed. Now I knew that we may be only children among the stars. Freddie backed away as I walked to the bowl. I went to the sink and once more filled it with water. This time I took the chance and knelt down on one knee handing him the bowl. He didn't back up or give any signs that he was afraid. He took the bowl with slow, methodical movements. Suddenly he dropped the bowl and grabbed my hand. I froze, taking in a sharp breath. The touch of his hand sent an emotional impulse through my entire body. Freddie stared at me a moment and blinked once, then he let go. I couldn't move for a moment, then I stood up slowly. What had just happened? Freddie didn't attack me, but he could have at any moment that he held my hand. Freddie had duped me into believing that he was going to drink the water. This was a set-up. I was dealing with a cunning, intelligent creature and in the future I would have to take nothing for granted.

Freddie turned and moved slowly back to the freezer. He seemed to be somewhat unsteady, maybe still ill from the injury. He entered the freezer and closed the door on his own. I wanted to know more, but Freddie wasn't well and I had sustained a sizable headache from this encounter. I placed the lock back on Freddie's door and turned off the flashlight. I locked the garage door

and found my way back to the house. I was exhausted but truly amazed by all that had taken place.

* * * * *

Robert: Good Lord, that is incredible. What an amazing aspect to this whole story. It seems like maybe he was trying to tell you that if he wanted you, he could have you.
Jonathan: Maybe so. It was an amazing experience. It made me feel close to him in some way.
Robert: What did you mean when you said his hand sent an emotional impulse through your whole body?
Jonathan: Well, there was the shock aspect of such a sudden contact, and all the fear the brought physical aspect of the touch. Here was a being I thought I'd killed, come to life. I cared about him. I wanted him to live and I wanted him to have water, if he wanted it. He surprised me, but he let me go. There was a poignancy to that. Something heartfelt, if you will. It touched me on a very deep emotional level.
Robert: I guess I'm just, amazed by that. It's such an astounding part of this story.
Jonathan: You couldn't be more amazed or astounded than I was, but thanks for your appreciation of it. I feel like you understand what happened there, to a large degree at any rate.
Robert: I think I've got some inkling anyway. Well let me ask you something else. "During the autopsy you had to cut Freddie's clothing, which you call the bio-suit, but it then reshaped itself. Do you think the suit was alive?"
Jonathan: "Not in the sense that it could have walked out the door on its own. I don't believe that it was conscious of what it was doing, but rather it was somehow programmed down to the molecular level. Right now researchers are working on constructing DNA computers. Scientists have realized that human cells are encoded with an amazing amount of information. Researchers are working on organic polymers. They are called *polyacetylen*, you know, "New Horizons Through Chemistry."
Robert: "You must think, then, that Freddie could be used for advancing our sciences by giving us quantum leaps in technology."
Jonathan: "That's true, but it would be a long road. I am reasonably sure that Freddie's bio-suit alone is far beyond anything we have ever seen or

developed. Attempting to assimilate such information could well take decades of pioneering research on our own."
Robert: "What do you think the end results of such technology would be used for?"
Jonathan: "Organic display, self- tinting glass, leaps in construction technology and engineering. Any number of military applications and of course medical Bio-development. Possibly even advances for the development of quantum-mechanical-computers, that use hydrogen atoms to store information, like living memory units."
Robert: "What information do you think we could glean from the alien itself?"
Jonathan: "It's hard to say. The question is, was he bio-engineered, possibly a hybrid? And to that I have no answer. I think we both know that studying a new species could reveal worlds of information, especially studying one with high levels of intelligence, but the key is communication."
Robert: "If Freddie was engineered and we were able to learn this technology, what areas of science do you think would benefit?"
Jonathan: "Any area of organic technology, bio-engineering, cloning and organ transplant, just to name a few.
Of course, Freddie is a living being, and that brings up the question of ethics. Do we have the right to exploit another intelligent life form for our own gains? The one answer I can give unequivocally is no, unless we ourselves are prepared to be exploited. To Freddie's kind we may not even appear as an intelligent species. If this is the case, we may in the end suffer by our example. If our actions are to be judged by other life forms from other worlds, then who knows what the end result may be for us. Think about how barbaric our history has been since man started to walk upright."
Robert: "That is a sobering thought."
Jonathan: "Unfortunately, it's true."
A waitress broke in on our conversation, "Last call, gentlemen. Can I get you anything else?"
Jonathan: "Oh, do we need to leave?"
"The lounge is open 24 hours. You're welcome to stay," she said
Robert: "We have covered some fantastic issues here, but I have to ask you, can you prove any of this to anyone? I have given some time here, and after all I've heard I'm intrigued but not completely convinced. You sound to me, subject aside, to be a well-educated and rational individual, and you don't

come off anything like some UFO people I've heard that sound like they're one digit short of an equation. What can you show me or tell me that will assure me that what you're saying is the truth?"
Jonathan: "There are a lot of things I can tell you, like why governments are purposely changing the orbital patterns of satellites, and effectively cutting off communication devices. "Smart" cards and where we are headed with them. Cloning, nano-technology, artificial-intelligence-engines and how and what they are and will be used for. The fall of the old financial structure and the rise of a new one. The silencing of new techniques to find the truth from the lies. The fact that the shift in the magnetic poles on the earth is greatly affecting the way we think and how we react to situations. There is more, but I think it would be much easier if you read it for yourself."
Robert: Jonathan passed me a file folder with my name on the outside cover. "What the hell is this?" I asked, shocked.
Jonathan: "It's no joke. You wanted proof, now you have it. I just hope that you are better prepared for it, than I was."
Robert: Slowly, I opened the brown folder. I looked at entry after entry. There was information on me that no one should have had, but that was only the beginning. I learned that the clients I had worked for and that I was currently working for were shadow players in a much bigger game. They had sent Jonathan to me because they knew everything about me and many others as well.
"What is this all about? What the hell do they want with me? Why am I Here?"
Jonathan: "They knew that you could be trusted. That you always worked to get the truth to the people who hired you and you couldn't be bought at any price. That's why I'm here."
Robert: "Who the hell are *'they*'?"
Jonathan: "People who want to know what is really going on. The individuals who hired you and then watched to see how you would react to certain situations. They wanted to know if you were an ethical individual who could be trusted with certain information."
Robert: "I'm not sure I like that."
Jonathan: "I probably would be a little upset myself, except I know, and soon you will too, what is at stake for all of us if we don't change some things we are doing to our planet and ourselves."

Robert: "I know there is a lot wrong worldwide. I did some investigating on the orphanages in Russia. Children are being fed psychotropic drugs by the handful to reduce their mental capacity so they could be used for cheap labor. Worldwide, children are being used for what amounts to slave labor.
Our world is in crisis, then of course there is *Chemaceia* and the suffering of our soldiers and their families by some unknown toxins. I could go on but at the end of the day there is only so much one can do."
Jonathan: "That's true, but we are no longer alone. There are others now who through their own abilities, resources and knowledge, are striving to bring out the truth, so that the world can judge for itself what needs to be done collectively. We must learn to work together."
Robert: "Do you think the world is ready for this? I could think of quite a few individuals who might panic if this information was made public. I don't think we are that far removed from burning people at the stake."
Jonathan: "You're right, but man must evolve. You have taken chances before and so have I. What good is life if we have to live it under the lies of others? It's our obligation to ourselves and our society to come forward with the truth. We cannot hide from it any longer."
Robert: Fair enough, I agree with you wholeheartedly. It's time we join with others to do what we can. It's just a good thing that we live where we live. Make no mistake about it I love this country even with all its problems."
Jonathan: "As do I. There is a lot of work that can be done to improve things. The future welfare of our planet depends on our children and their education. We need to release information on ETs and UFOs. Our government and others need to stop treating us like sheep and start telling us the truth that they have known for years. But all of this is easier said than done. A lot of people will have to face the realities that will make many of us uncomfortable. In the end, if we know the truth, even if it causes some difficulty to our lives, at least we will know what we are dealing with and can make better strides forward and possibly survive."
Robert: "I would like to know more on what happened. Did you get to talk with the astrophysicist? What happened to Freddie?"
Jonathan: "I will tell you, and then I will need your help."

* * * * *

I went into my house with some very interesting discoveries. Freddie was definitely intelligent - how intelligent I couldn't ascertain, but smart enough to

pull one over on me. He must have wanted to see my reaction. Maybe I was putting too much into this, but it was amazing. What was I going to do now?

I made my way upstairs. It was late and I was tired. I went into the bathroom and grabbed some aspirin, then I went into my bedroom. I would have to call Gary, but now wouldn't be a good time. He needed some rest. I would call him later in the morning. I opened my closet door and grabbed my journal. I wrote down everything that I could think of concerning the day's events. It was about 5:00 a.m. when I finished. So much happened, I thought. My life has been changed forever, and Gary's as well, each in its own way. I wanted to sleep but couldn't. Thoughts turned in my head. Every time I closed my eyes I could see Freddie staring at me with those strange, dark eyes. At some point I fell into a deep sleep. In my mind I found myself in front of the Obelisk. It began to grow. I turned to run but was absorbed into its mammoth form. I was swimming within its body. It was like moving through molasses. Then I heard a voice that asked, "where do you want to go?" and then I awoke.

I looked at the clock. It was 8:15 AM, I needed to get going. It was probably a good thing that I chose to write sitting on my bed instead of the hard floor, or by now I would be in a lot of pain.

As I made my way downstairs I thought about the dream. What did it mean, if anything? In the kitchen I made myself some coffee. I picked up the phone and called Gary. There was no answer. Maybe he was still asleep, or out. I drank my coffee. These acts were purely mechanical. After a while my thoughts came around to the subject of Professor X. What was I going to tell him? I didn't want him to think that I was some kind of nut. I wanted him to take me seriously. The pictures hadn't been developed yet, including the ones I took during the event. I would have to have someone I trusted do it.

I thought about smuggling Freddie into the hospital, but that was a brief notion. The idea was out of the question. If anything went wrong all hell would break loose, and how would I be able to shield Freddie from the panic that would ensue? No, I would have to rely on what I knew of the matter and that would have to do for now. I thought about taking Gary with me when I went to the hospital but it would be better if just I went in to see Professor X on my own. Something I learned long ago was that people will feel less threatened if confronted by only one individual. I wanted the Professor as secure as possible. I needed his help.

I left the house at 10:30 a.m. and made my way over to Gary's house. I looked around but there weren't any suspicious vehicles to be seen. Gary lived in a nice two story town house in a good neighborhood. After walking up the stairs, I knocked on the door and waited. After a few moments, I rang the bell. There was no answer. Was Gary gone? Maybe he had to go into work. After a few minutes I decided to leave. Once in my Jeep, I phoned Gary's work but he wasn't there either. Where the hell was he? I decided that it was time to drive to the hospital. Something in the back of my mind was telling me that there was no time to waste.

PROFESSOR X

CHAPTER SEVEN

As I approached the hospital I realized that I had no real plan of attack other than just finding the Professor at all cost. I was still worried about the whereabouts of Gary but I was pretty sure he was all right. I headed for the admissions desk, where I found I was in luck. Lisa, a receptionist I knew, was working. She and I knew each other through Dr. Green, a neurologist and a personal friend. Just maybe I could use this fact to engineer some sort of game plan.

"Hello. How are you doing, Lisa?" She looked up from some paper work that she was doing, with lines of concern etched across her face. "Jonathan, how are you?" she asked.

"I'm good. It's been a while."

"Why have you been such a stranger?"

"I've been real busy." I said. Lisa frowned, and pointed to the phone off to her side. "You could have called you know, it doesn't take much to call a friend," she said.

I smiled and grabbed the phone, "Is Lisa there?" I said with a big grin.

Lisa plucked the phone out of my hand. "You didn't come here just to torment me, did you?" she asked.

I bent over and folded my hands in front of her. "Actually, I was hoping to get a look at Dr. Green's schedule. I need to ask him about some work that I'm researching."

"Well, I'll have to check with him. He never puts any of that information into his computer. It makes it a problem to find him at times. I'll be right back. Let me see if he's posted anything in the back office." While she was gone I helped myself to the computer. It wasn't hard to find out where Professor X's room was. I waited for her to return.

"He will be busy most of the day, then he will be flying to Chicago for a convention. I just checked the list and he was on it." she said, sitting down.

I breathed in and sighed, "Well, maybe I'll try when he returns, or I could try to catch him by phone before he leaves. Thanks for checking Lisa. I'm going

to get something at the cafeteria. Do you want anything?"
She looked up and smiled, "No thanks." she said, returning to her paperwork.

I went to the elevator and headed on up to where I knew Professor X was. When I arrived at the room I could hear voices coming from inside. I waited, trying to look as inconspicuous as possible. After about ten minutes or so a woman emerged with some documents in her hands and headed for the elevator. I waited another five minutes and then went in.

Professor X was propped up on some pillows looking somewhat tired. He was writing on something but when the door closed he looked up. "Can I help you?" he asked with a quizzical look on his face.

I was dressed in a professional manner looking a lot like any of the many workers on staff. I walked over to him and extended my hand. "Hello Professor X, I'm Dr. Jonathan Reed. May I speak with you?"

"What can I do for you?" he asked, shaking my hand.

"Sir, I have a problem that you may be able to help me with."

"I thought that I was the one who needed some help here." he said with some levity. "So tell me, doctor - what's on your mind?"

I told him of the event and all that had happened. When I was finished he looked at me saying nothing for a while, then he spoke.

"You need to leave now. Come back tonight alone, after nine. Do not tell anyone else, anything about any of this."

"Thank you, I'll be back." That was the last thing I said, before I left his room and closed the door. My heart was pounding but the possibility of getting some help lifted my spirits.

I left the hospital not knowing what to expect next. I drove over to Gary's house. I had called him but there still was no answer. As I approached his house, I could see the same van that had followed me the other night. I didn't look directly at it but I knew now that we were being watched and it made me angry. I made a call to my answering machine at home. I wanted to see if there were any messages. There was one from Gary…

"Jonathan, this is Gary. Jesus, someone is following me. Those bastards in the van, must have friends; there are two more cars, following me everywhere."
Gary was scared, and so was I as I listened. Good God, I thought. If my phone is tapped, then they know that we are onto them.

"I'm not going home. I'll try to lose them. Then I will find a place to go, but I'm not sure where yet. Jonathan, maybe I should go to the police, I don't

know what to do. I'll try to call you later." Gary said with uncertainty. Then, there was just silence. The most disturbing thing of all was the lack of sound. It was time to head for home.

Now home, I parked my car, got out and walked to the house. Going through the front door, I knew instinctively that something was wrong. I had parked in the back but wanted to see if there was anyone watching my house from the front. I looked out the window, but there wasn't anyone, so I was somewhat relieved. I went into the kitchen and tried to telephone Ann, but my phone was out of order. I went into the garage and checked the lock on the freezer door. It was secured. I left the house and drove to Ann's but there was no one there. I then left Ann's and went to the only place I could think of to be safe. Dolly's house.

Dolly was a good-old friend, a Greek woman, somewhere in her seventies. She was like a mother to me. Gutsy, fun, full of life and smart. I made sure that I was not followed. I couldn't allow Dolly to get mixed up with any of this. Dolly lived alone in a small house, fairly close to Gary's. She was an independent woman, never married and forever young at heart. I walked up the small walkway to her door and rang the bell. It was only a few moments before she answered.

"Jonathan!" she said smiling, "How are you?" She was wearing blue jeans and a red blouse. Her face had seasoned over the years which was more pronounced whenever she smiled. "Come on in, young man."

As I went into the house, I was greeted by the sweet smells of her baking. "Cookies?" I asked. We walked into the kitchen were she checked on her baking.

"It's the Fall batch." She opened the oven door to reveal several rows of her famous Greek cookies. "They need a few more minutes," she said, closing the oven door. I took a seat at the kitchen table. I worried, was I doing the right thing by coming here?

"Jonathan, what's wrong? You looked troubled." She had seen through my smile and body language. I was genuine enough in my joy at seeing her, but I was certainly distressed. Dolly had a way of stripping away the top layers of a person's veneer to reach the individual's true emotional state.

"Well," I started out, "the hike I took a few days ago ended me up in some real trouble, Dolly." Dolly was very concerned.

"What happened?" Dolly took my hand in hers. She was always someone in whom I could confide and trust.

"Dolly, something killed Suzy. I know this is going to be hard to believe or even comprehend, but Suzy was killed by a creature, not an animal." I could see that Dolly, a sensible but open-minded woman, was having a difficult time digesting what I had just told her.

"Jonathan, I think you should tell me everything that happened." It was one of the most difficult things I had ever done. If Dolly didn't believe me, then what? Dolly's friendship meant the world to me.

After listening for what seemed like an hour, Dolly now had a stern look chiseled on her face. Whatever she was thinking, whatever decision she had come to with what I had told her, it was set in stone.

"All right, Jonathan, looks like this is a good time for a shot of bourbon." She had had a look of determination on her face since I had finished with my story.

"None for me." I said, anticipating her next question. Dolly's place was warm and comfortable, the very definition of those words.

"You know, Jonathan, I have known you since you were running around getting into trouble with Gary." Dolly sat down, a shot of bourbon in front of her. "In all that time, you have always been straight with me and I know that as impossible as your story sounds, I believe you. Sometimes when a person is faced with what seems to be the unfeasible he needs a leap of faith, and that's all that stands between you and the darkness."

"Thank you, Dolly." I said quietly. She was right.

"Now then," Dolly said rising from the table, she took the shot in one gulp and placed the empty glass in the sink, "I think the cookies are done." Dolly was still mulling things over, but at least she had come to a decision and I knew it was to my benefit. "Jonathan," her voice broke my train of thought. "I don't want you to worry about me. I am here to help in any way I can."

"Dolly." I started.

"I don't want to hear it. I am not a feeble old woman, I make my own judgments and pretty much do what I damned well please." I smiled as she said this, knowing better than to argue with her on this or anything else for that matter.

"Dolly you're a real gem, you know that!"

She just smiled and said, "*So, what's your point*?" and turned to take the cookies out of the oven. Dolly and I talked for about two more hours. I asked her if I could bring over a few things for her to store for me.

I left Dolly's house and went to the local library. There I made some notes and killed time before I would meet with Professor X once again. I left the library at about 7:00 p.m. The traffic was light and I was thankful for this. The sooner I met with him, the better. I tried to call Ann. She wasn't home or was screening her calls. Then I called Gary, hoping for some help, but there was no answer. I didn't know what to think about him or what was happening. I knew he was being followed, but by whom and for what reason I wasn't sure. It didn't take a rocket scientist to understand that it had something to do with Freddie. I couldn't be sure what the motivation of these people was. If they wanted to silence Gary or me, why hadn't they made some aggressive move? What were they waiting for? I arrived at the hospital with these concerns in tow.

The lobby was quiet. Only two people sat behind the admissions desk. I simply walked by them and took the elevator to the appropriate floor. As the door swished open, I stuck my head out to look, not sure of what I would find. Nothing was stirring, not even a nurse. I left the elevator making my way slowly to the Professor's room. I gently knocked on his door.

"Come in." came the muffled voice from behind the door. I opened the door, half expecting the police to greet me. The Professor turned his head to see me. He had been staring out the window.

"I hate rooms without a view. It makes me feel closed in." His voice was a little weak. I moved a chair over to the side of his bed. "Don't, you won't be staying that long." he said without any hint of malice. He pushed a button on his bed's control. I could hear the mechanical hum of the motor, as part of his bed raised so he could sit up comfortably to talk to me.

"First, You don’t have to convince me. I believe you." he said with conviction.

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me yet. I'm not sure that I’m doing you any favors. You are in way over your head here."

"What do you mean?" I needed to know just how much trouble he felt I was in.

"You don't know *what, who or just how much* you are really dealing with here. It would be better if you just stopped now before you get yourself into real trouble."

"I can't just stop. There is nothing that I can do now. My phone is tapped, I'm being followed and so is my friend." I said, a little angrily. Frustrated, I

had hoped I would get some kind of answers here. His eyes locked with mine as he slowly pulled a folder off his night stand.

"Take this. There are people in here that you can trust. Talk to them, they will help you." I took the folder in my hand.

“You know, *they’ve* been with us for so long. We really don’t have to fear *most of them*. It was only a matter of time before someone like you, figured out that we’d been working together. And, I think that its time to stop hiding the truth… I wish that we hadn’t ever tried to cover any of it up, but they just wouldn’t listen…They wouldn’t listen to any of us.” he said with a long slow sigh.

"Any other advice?" I gratefully asked.

"Don't call anyone about any of this, from your home or cell phone. It's too dangerous. And if I were you, I would get help soon. You can't do this alone, I only wish that I could be there to help you more." I put the chair back, and shook his hand. He felt weak.

“Thank you, Sir.”

"Good luck." he said, a genuine smile on his face. I turned to leave. Just as my hand reached for the door, the Professor asked me a question that took me by surprise.

"Why me? How did you know that I knew anything about this?" he asked timidly.

"Because of what you have accomplished in the scientific community and for all of humanity. I trust you. You are truly a pioneer, and because I was hoping that you might somehow understand. And, from what you have done for me, I see that you do."

"Jonathan, be careful out there." I walked out into the hallway feeling like something was finally accomplished.

DEATH SQUAD

CHAPTER EIGHT

The drive home was uneventful, I arrived home at about 9:00PM. I drove around the front once more to check if anyone was watching my house but I could see no one. I parked in the customary place and walked up the small pathway past my garage. I noticed that my kitchen light was on. I remembered turning it off before I had left the house. Peeking in the door, I couldn't see anyone. The door was locked. I quietly pulled the keys from my front pocket, and unlocked the door. All was quiet inside. Hadn't I turned the light off? I knew that it was my habit to turn off the lights before I left the house. For all I knew, a thief or one of our shadowing surveillance guys could be in here, lying in wait.

I went to a small closet in the kitchen and opened the door. It squeaked a little and I wished I had taken care of this earlier. I had meant to get the damn thing oiled some time ago. It was one of those annoying little things people procrastinate in doing, then later live to regret. I paused to look around. If someone was there I didn't think they heard me.

In the closet towards the back was a long handled fireman's ax. I took it from its resting place, dreading the use of it. I had to ask myself, was I ready to use this thing if I had to? I walked slowly through the dining room, gingerly making my way toward the front of the house. Fear crept into my veins. Everything was in shadows. If someone was in there I wasn't sure that I would see them before it was too late. I berated myself for not having the forethought to carry a flashlight, though it could have made me a convenient target. As I peered into the living room I saw a figure stir in the darkness. The person was sitting on the couch.

"Who's there?" I heard a nervous voice ask.

After a few seconds I realized it was Gary. I rounded the corner, ax in hand. "Gary, you scared the hell out of me! I saw the light on and thought someone broke in. Why are you sitting here in the dark? Where's your car?"

"I parked the car down the street, used the spare key to get in and turned off the light so no one could see I was in here."

I turned the light on and sat in the chair next to him. His gaze fell on the ax and he shifted nervously. "That key was for the front door." I said.

"That's right, I never went to the kitchen, so I didn't turn on that light."

So I had forgotten to turn off the light this morning. I was just so concerned about what had been happening that I assumed that something was wrong. Well I had to laugh this was one of life's little ironies. Then it hit me. Gary noticed the change in my expression.

"Are you all right?" he asked placing a hand on my shoulder. "What if someone had entered the house before you got here?" I asked.

"Let's not go there, thank you. What were you going to do with that thing?" he asked, gesturing to the ax.

I looked at him and smiled. "I was going to give someone one hell of a hair cut." I set the ax aside, relieved in the thought that there would be no need for it this evening, or so I thought.

"So, where did you park?"

"About two blocks down the street." Gary replied. I gave him the 'have you lost your mind' look.

"I was careful." He responded.

"What made you think that walking would improve your chances at subterfuge? You might as well have tied a flag to your ass and lit it on fire!" I rose up quickly and went to the window, peering out between the blinds.

"Anyone there?" Gary asked half rising from the couch.

"No." I said, returning to my chair. "I talked to Professor X and he gave me some information." I handed the file over to Gary. "He was helpful but doesn't want me to contact him again. I believe he knows a lot more than he let on."

"What's in here?" Gary asked, opening the file.

"Information on people who can help. People he said we could trust. There's more, much more, but it will take time to research and understand what it all means." I took the file back from Gary.

"Where are you going to put it?" he asked.

"I don't know right now, but when I do I'll let you know."

"Well, I sure had a hell of a day. I left the house to do a little shopping and realized that I was being followed. At first they stayed behind me. I tried to see if it was just a coincidence by making a senseless stream of turns and maneuvers. They stayed with me every step of the way, then they sped to either side of me, pinning me in. I tried to speed up but they were faster, then

when I thought they were going to drive me into a building, they sped away. I left a message on your machine which I imagine you have heard by now. Then I went to a house I was involved in designing. I haven't been there since this whole thing started so I felt pretty safe."

I was happy that Gary had made it here all right, considering all that had happened to him.

"I talked to Dolly earlier today when I couldn't get hold of you. She had a difficult time digesting my story, but in the end she knew that I was telling her the truth."

"What did she say when you told her?" Gary asked.

"Well, she had her usual shot of bourbon, and told me that she's willing to help in any way that she can." Gary was relieved by this news. He, too, had known Dolly for many years.

"She's a tough old bird." he said with affection.

"There may be some things that I want to take over to her for safe keeping." I saw that Gary winced. "What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"Don't you think this might be a little dangerous for her?"

"I thought of that, but then she made it clear that she wanted to help and you know how she can be." Gary knew all too well, remembering when we were young. We had gone out for a night on the town and got really plastered. We had ended up at Dolly's. It was about 5:00 a.m. when we woke her. Gary and I suffered her wrath, but she was always quick to forgive the young. That had been some time ago, but it seemed like yesterday to me.

"I will be extremely careful.

For one thing, I won't call her from my home phone or cell phone and that is something Professor X. warned me about. We need to be very careful about who we talk to. That's one of the reasons he gave me the file; so we would have people to contact."

"So why aren't we contacting them?"

"Because I need to know a little about these people first and that's going to take some research." Gary was about to say something else, when the doorbell rang.

"Who the *hell* can that be?" I was annoyed. Any interruption was unwelcome right now.

I looked through the peep-hole in the door. There was a large man dressed in a dark suit and tie, and holding a book.

"Oh, God, it's the Mormons." Gary said, looking out the window. “And there is also a *police car*, parked in front of your house.”
I took a long look at the man. "I don't think this is a member of any church we know."

The man knocked on the door with fists the size of sledge hammers. I thought the ax might yet get its chance at physical contact. "All right, all right !" I said as I brought the gleaming steel equalizer to the door. "Gary, I'm opening the door."

"Are you crazy? He's a giant." Gary was looking out the living room window.
I pointed to the ax and reassured him, "We can handle this, and besides, it's time to find out what all this is about. That is, if this behemoth is one of them." I slowly opened the door.

"Yes? How can I help you?"

"Actually, I think we can help you, Dr. Reed." The man's voice was deep and filled with a kind of threatening undertone that would make anyone nervous. I heard a car door slam and presently two more people came into view.

"Well, how do you think you could be of any help to me?"

"Dr. Reed, why don't we come inside and talk about this." He said while pushing his hand firmly on the door.

The other two individuals were approaching the steps. The ax seemed superfluous now, just a young boy's night light against the all consuming darkness. I could see the newcomers clearly. One was a young woman, at first glance, attractive, seemingly out of place until seeing her eyes which were hard, cold and evil. Meeting them sent a chill of penetrating fear throughout my body. The other was an older black man. He was graying at the temples, a bit portly, but carried himself well on two large legs that reminded me of tree trunks. These were visible even through his clothes. He sported a thick mustache and had large hands which were adorned by a single black-ring. All of them were attired in dark suits, so dark in fact, that it was difficult to discern their color. At first glance the suits seemed to be black, the blackest of black. After that first glance it wasn't just black that one saw but a strange mixture of deep purple and the darkest blue, the effect was almost hypnotic. Their clothes seemed an unnatural hybrid of colors and textures.

"We need to come in now." It was the young woman, who pushed past the other two.

I realized that nothing would be accomplished by keeping them outside. These people were determined. One way or another there was going to be a confrontation. Now was as good as any other time to take care of this particularly bad bit of business. I opened the door and watched them closely as they came in. All three noticed the ax, but it was disregarded at a glance.

When the door was closed the woman spoke in a soft strong voice. "I am Garcia, this is Anderson," she said pointing to the Goliath, "and this is Hobart."

Garcia walked directly into the dining room; the other two followed.

"What is this all about, Ms. Garcia? I barked.

"Have a seat gentlemen." was her only reply.

Hobart sat down. Anderson still clutched the large book which looked tiny in his huge hands. He must have been seven feet tall and as broad as a barn. He assumed a security like position behind Hobart.

Garcia gestured to the seats as if seating guests at a dinner party, maybe the final supper and said, "Gentlemen, if you will, please." She motioned to two chairs.

We sat putting our backs to the wall, forgetting for a moment that this was in fact my home. Tables seemed to have turned and we'd become guests to *their* party. We may have become the main course. Gary and I were seated across from Hobart and Anderson. Anderson's face was hard, with stone like features and unblinking eyes.

"Thank you." Garcia said. "And now I'm sure you want some answers." Garcia sat down to the left of Hobart and Anderson.

"I would appreciate some explanation as to why you have been both spying on us and following us! I assume that it was you. You people, nearly got Gary killed!" I said. I was pissed that these bastards were playing games with our lives.

"Nothing good will come of shouting at us, Dr. Reed. We have a responsibility to Life Core." She accentuated the term: 'Life Core'.

Anderson finally blinked and said, "*The School* doesn't kill people, Dr. Reed." and then handed Garcia the book he was holding. She took the book and set it on the table. Garcia glanced up at Anderson and gave him a look that would have cracked an iceberg. She then looked at Gary, the coolness fading.

"What, or who, in the hell, is the *School*?" I asked. I was too angry to place the words in any fashion, other than in a sarcastic manner. Hobart flinched, but there wasn't a trace of anger on Garcia's face. She smiled again, in that icy fashion. It seemed her face rebelled against any attempt at warmth.

"Our people specialize in information dissemination and direction. We collect the data, process it for general public consumption and assess any danger to the *Core*. And, I work with the *National Security Agency*. Do you understand '*My'* authority here?"

Her eyes bore into me. I averted her stare by looking at Gary, he seemed on the verge of a panic attack. I put my arm on his for just a second, a move that was not lost on Garcia.

"Gentlemen, I am here to tell you that you have nothing to worry about. We're here to help you." She opened the book, "Now it's our understanding that you have found or seen *something*, true?"

What the hell was I going to tell her? No? That it was all a joke or some kind of a miss-understanding. They had listened in on our telephone conversations. I was reduced to the truth, and / or somewhat…

"We found, or rather I found, something that at first I took to be of a mysterious nature." I wasn't very good at lying but for our sakes, I had better not blow this. "As it turned out, it was nothing at all and I burned it. I found out that it was just part of a *decaying dead animal*, that I found in the woods. Gary and I thought that it would be an interesting project. We didn't take the idea very seriously, but then things began to happen, *you people*, for instance." I was sweating profusely. Of course they wouldn't buy a word of it, and they didn't.

Garcia scowled, "Was this '*project'* of yours worth losing your relationship with *Ann*?" she asked poisonously. "We are well aware of what you have lost, Dr. Reed. Including your *Dog's Blood Sample*, for instance. If you don't want to lose everything, then I suggest you stop phoning people, asking questions and forget everything that has happened. Because *its* no-longer there. You have to learn, Jonathan, that the only way anything here can be achieved, is by being part of *Our Team*. Because, if you're <u>not</u> part of our team, then *you* simply *don't exist*…Understand?"

I was terrified and irritated with this whole situation. But she had brought up Ann and with that, had so much as admitted that they had tapped our phones and were the ones following us. They somehow knew about

Freddie's blood sample. This invasion of privacy made me furious but also very apprehensive.

"Just *Who the Hell* are you people?" I rose and Anderson shifted slightly. I knew he was ready for me if I tried anything.

"We are the Dark Side, the shadow behind the shadow." Hobart said. "You don't think that we are here to hurt you? Oh, just the contrary." Hobart had a smooth Jamaican accent which rolled off his tongue like dew off a petal. "We are here to save you from yourself and maybe a lot of trouble." He leaned forward and folded his hands in front of him. "You need to realize the significance and consequences of your dilemma. There are many people in the *New-World Community* that would be very interested in the possibilities of your find and I dare say, some of the organizations outside Life Core, won't be as gentle with you." He cleared his throat. "The School is a special branch, designed to get what ever cooperation we need, before '*they'* have to send someone else. But, that's seldom ever necessary, when *We're finished*. There are few times in life, Dr. Reed, where you will be able to serve your country and save yourself and your *Loved-ones* from a great deal of pain… This is *your-one-chance*."

Gary sighed and said, "So, what does 'Any of This' have to do with us?"

I sat down. Gary was rational. He had dealt internally with his fears and spoke calmly.

Garcia pursed her lips, "We have been in your house and we know that the '*object*' we are looking for, is not here. So, *where is it - now*?"

Garcia was annoyed with our poorly scripted stalling. I think, she knew we had the goods. They must have searched the house. Now I knew why the light was turned on. They wanted me to know, that they, could come and go as they pleased and there was nothing I could do about it. The idea was to make Gary and me feel so vulnerable that we would breakdown and tell them everything. The statement from Hobart that the *School* gets what cooperation they can "before *they* have to send someone else," had not gone unnoticed by me. The question was, if they had explored the house then they'd searched the garage, but they seemed at a loss. Was this some kind of game they were playing? I had to find out.

"If you have searched the house and the property, then you know damn well that we have nothing to hide. Why are we having this talk at all?"

Hobart stood up, as did Garcia, and said, "Your game nearly cost you dearly. It's no wonder that your girlfriend left you. *Your-kind* are so

predictable. In the future, I would stick to the facts that you know rather then guessing in an area, you know nothing about." Hobart didn't seem as angry as he should have been and he'd told us more than seemed reasonable. Something was wrong here. They seemed to be out of balance.

"So, that's it? You're done? Or should I go call in the *Police* that are now out front?" I was mad but why were they letting us off so easily, I wondered. “Go right ahead, *they’re* with Us.” Garcia snidely spouted. “You can either do this *Our Way* or…”

Anderson finally spoke, interrupting… "And… Where is your *Dog*?"

I swallowed hard. "I lost her, she ran away." The room's atmosphere was thick enough to choke on. Anderson’s gray face just slowly smiled as he added. “We can help you find *Her*.”

“Get the hell out of my house - Now!” I said bluntly.

As the others walked silently towards the door, Anderson continued. "Stay out of trouble boys. You can not comprehend the *dimension of difficulty* that we can bring down on you." Then they were gone as quickly as they had arrived, but Anderson's threats and Hobart's implications of horror, still lingered in my mind.

I closed the door. It was Gary who spoke first.

"What in the hell was that?" I looked at him and the folder I had left on the chair in the living room. They had completely missed it. What was really *their* purpose? Were those their real names and bodies, or had they borrowed them from the local cemetery?

"That was a warning to watch our asses, or else."

"Or else what?" Gary said.

"We disappear, or maybe worse."

"Now, what the hell do we do?"

"Let's go outside in the back and talk." I said. Then I whispered to him, "this place has to be *bugged*." Gary made the move with me to the back door. "I could use some fresh air." Once outside I said, "I need to go into the garage and see if Freddie is all right."

I quietly opened the door to the garage. Gary stayed outside to watch for the doom patrol. I left the door open to let in a little light. Walking as quietly as I could to the freezer, I hoped when I opened the door Freddie would not start screaming. I realized that if the house was bugged, and there was a good bet that it was, then the garage was too. I was wondering if they were just

waiting to make their move. Whether they were or not, I had to check on Freddie. I had to know and I couldn't wait.

Hearing no sound I slowly opened the door and looked inside, only to be greeted by Freddie's strange staring dark eyes. The only reason I could see this was because if there was any hint of light, his eyes would reflect it, making them seem twice as bright. He tilted his head and opened his mouth just slightly. My heart skipped a couple of beats. I backed away to the sink where I found a cup that I had drunk coffee from a few weeks ago. I rinsed it out with a little soap and water, making sure it was clean. I brought it back to Freddie with fresh water in it which he drank slowly. As he bent his head down to drink, I saw it was completely healed. Relieved but very confused, I wondered how they had missed him. Had they been in here at all? When Freddie was done I closed and locked the door. Somehow the environment in the freezer was conducive to his healing so quickly, but how was he surviving without air, food and only minimal fluid? Each time I saw him he seemed healthier and stronger but this seemed to me to be impossible. I left, closing and locking the garage door. Gary gave me a questioning look.

"Well, is he or isn't he?"

"He is and we are in a lot of trouble."

"How could they have missed him?"

"I have no idea, Gary. This whole thing makes no sense to me whatsoever." I walked into the house and turned the stereo on at a volume high enough to mask our conversation. "We can talk but quietly." Gary acknowledged this with a nod of his head. We sat at the kitchen table for a while not saying anything. Then I broke the long pause. I had waited for a new song to begin. I wanted the sounds to overlap our conversation.

"We need to collect everything we have and put it in a safe place, and that place is D's." I would no longer use Dolly's name in this house. Even if they couldn't hear us, I couldn't take the chance.

"I agree. How about the file?" Gary asked.

"That too. Everything except of course, Freddie. I don't know what I'm going to do with him yet." They had not found Freddie, how or why I didn't care. The important thing right now was to protect what we had. "We should take some of it to her tonight. It's imperative."

"Do you think they'll be back?"

"I'm certain of it. People like that are like the plague. Once you think you're rid of them, they return with a vengeance."

I left Gary and went to the closet to retrieve my journal, a box, and any items that could compromise our safety and that of the truth. I returned to find Gary looking through the file.

"There are some strange things in here," he said.

"Don't worry about it, we'll have time to look through it later." I took it from him. "Will you come with me to D's?"

"Are you sure it will be safe to bring her into this?"

"No." I began to stuff everything into the box.

"I have an idea." "I'll leave the same time you do and I'll take something with me that looks suspicious."

"Are you nuts? No, I'm not going to let you do it. It's too damned dangerous."

Gary spoke in a calm voice. "I am your friend and D's. Do you expect me to just sit here? And what good would it do me to accompany you there when I can do something to ensure your safety and D's?"

Gary had a good point. We would both be taking risks, so would Dolly. "You're right of course, but if you do this thing you need to call me and let me know you're all right."

"You know I will."

"What are you going to take?" I asked looking around.

"The ice chest. I'll cover it with something to make it look important."

I went to the kitchen and grabbed a yellow envelope and placed some items in it. Returning to Gary I said, "Do we have everything?"

"I believe so."

"Good, now let's talk about our plans." We waited for the next song to begin. When it did I continued. "If anything else happens, call the police. Tell them whatever you have to. Things are getting too dangerous. Don't take any unnecessary chances, okay?"

"Of course I'm not going to do anything that's going to get me killed. Get real - I like life too much," Gary smiled as he said this.

"All right now, the most important thing here is that we get this information to the people on this list. We'll do this after we have checked on them as best we can. We need to minimize our mistakes and maximize our chances at getting to the root of this.

I think it's essential to the success of our plan to go to work and try to act as normal as possible. I need to think about how Freddie remained hidden from

the School. I need to find a safe place for him and right now I can't think of any."

Gary and I went into the garage and grabbed the ice chest. We said nothing as we did this. I closed and locked the door behind me. We went into the house to tape some brown wrapping paper around it. With a new CD playing Gary began to talk once more.

"Well my friend, we have sure gotten ourselves into a fine mess. I guess we are just going to have to kick some butt."

"I don't know how I would have made it without you, Gary. We'll survive this and when the world knows the truth, we'll be able to get on with our lives again." I walked Gary to the door and said, "I'll wait five minutes and then I'll leave."

We shook hands and then hugged.

"I'll see you on the flip side." I said.

"You bet," Gary said with a smile, and then he left carrying the decoy with him. I closed the door wondering if we had done the right thing. I knew I was way out of my own element and felt tremendously naive.

Well, it was too late to do anything about it. I went to the kitchen, glanced at the clock and saw I had enough time to go upstairs, grab my coat, and turn on the shower. I wanted them to believe I was going to be busy in here for a while. I left the music on downstairs. Anything that could delay their pursuit would be helpful.

Five minutes were up, it was time to go. I grabbed the box and walked out to the alley, peeking over the back gate first. All was clear as far as I could see. I walked to the Jeep, opened the door, released the emergency brake and started to push it down the alley. I pushed it across the street checking carefully to see that nobody was there. Once I was halfway down the next alley, I jumped in and turned on the ignition. The sound, although not loud, made me nervous. I closed the door and drove as fast as safety would allow, checking my mirror constantly to see if anyone was following me. I drove in completely the opposite direction of my intended objective, ten miles out of the way. When I was sure that I was safe, I headed straight for Dolly's.

I stopped at a pay phone and called to see if she was there. I briefly told her what had happened, and that I was going to drop off some things for her to take care of. It was 11:10 at night when I arrived. Dolly opened her door quickly. I jumped out of the Jeep slamming the door and walked quickly into her house.

"Thank you for helping me tonight, Dolly." I handed her the box and the envelope. "Mail this as soon as possible please."
Dolly took the box and envelope. "Do you think Gary is all right?" she asked.
"I hope so. I plan to call him later."
"These people that you talked to sounded pretty serious."
"They are. I have to be real careful until I can talk to some people that know how to deal with this sort of thing."
The meeting with Dolly was brief. I hugged her and we said our good-byes. "I'll call you as soon as I can. Be safe… Love you Dolly." I said.
"Don't worry about me, I'll be fine." she replied.
I left her house and took my time getting back. My house just didn't seem like home anymore. Not with all that had happened. I arrived home at 12:20 a.m.. There was no suspicious vehicle in sight, but I knew they were there, waiting in the dark like bats ready for the feast.

SPACES IN TIME
CHAPTER NINE

I went into the house. All was silent except for the sound of the shower still running. I went upstairs and turned it off. Now would be a good time to call Gary. Downstairs I made the call, then I heard the computer recorded voice telling me that his phone had been disconnected. With everything that was happening, I had forgotten that my phone earlier also, had been out of order but now it seemed to be working fine. I wondered if Gary had even gone home. He probably lost his tail (if he had been tailed) and went to his hideout. Nevertheless, I felt anxious that I couldn't reach him.

Again, I picked up the phone and decided to check my voice-mail for any messages, to find that there was only one. As I quickly keyed-in the numbers to retrieve the message, I hoped it would be from Gary telling me that he was alright. To my surprise, the message played-out as follows: "*Hello*, ah…Dr. Reed? This is Bradley Reza, I'm the associate producer that you spoke with at KIRO Television in Seattle…You brought me, *some slides* and a *video tape* a couple of days ago… Well, I think that there is something going on here, that you should be aware of. About 30 minutes ago, two men identifying themselves as agents from the Department of Intelligence and escorted by two Seattle Police officers, went directly to the station manager and demanded that we turn-over everything that you had left with me…They asked me, if I knew anything about just what 'you' were involved in, and I told them that I had no-idea. They said, that it was a '*matter of national security*' and if anyone resisted, they would be *arrested and charged as an accessory*. Hey, I don't know what else these guys want from you but they meant-business... and that's all I know. I'm sorry, but I had no-choice in the matter, *the story's dead*. I just thought that you should know… *Take care*."

I just sat there for a moment numb, stunned by what I had just heard. Finally, I hung-up the phone and thought to myself, "I think Professor X is right, its time to get some help." Now, it was time to act.

I pulled myself somewhat together and tried to call Gary. Again all that I heard, was the recording telling me that his phone was still out-of-order. But

still, there was so much to do. It was also time to take another look in on Freddie. It was important and with all this turmoil going on, it may be necessary to move him soon to a safer place.

I went out into the garage. How was I going to mask being with Freddie, if the place was bugged? I thought about it. There was really nothing that I could do. I didn't want any loud music or distractions going on while I attempted to communicate with him. I had brought the cup that I had used earlier. I didn't want to bring the water in something unfamiliar. I wanted the cup to have the same color and scent. I didn't know how Freddie used his senses so I wanted to go with what worked before. I realized that to some extent I was treating him like an animal and not like a creature of high intelligence. But, I told myself, just because he was intelligent didn't mean that he would relate to things the same way we would. I opened the door. Freddie was curled up into an impossible shape considering the room he had to maneuver in. He had rolled himself up into almost a perfect ball.

Was he asleep? I wasn't sure what I should do. What would be his response if I disturbed him? I didn't have to ponder the problem very long, for Freddie began to move. I watched him with great fascination. He began to unfold. It was amazing, because he was able to stretch and twist his body in such a way, as to boggle the imagination. If humans could do the same thing, a six foot man could fit into a space the size of a lunch box.

When he was finished he looked up at me. I could detect no surprise on his part.

"How did you do that ?" I found myself saying out loud. "Do you want some water?"

He gave a brief screech. It came too fast for me to cover my ears, but to my surprise the high-pitched sound didn't hurt. Had he learned already how to modulate his voice so that it wouldn't affect me adversely? I went to the sink. Freddie watched me closely, his head turning slightly to keep me under surveillance.

I brought the water to him and held the cup out in front of me to see if he would take it from me. In one fluid motion, too fast for the eye to grasp, he snatched it from my hand. This took me by surprise and I jumped. I knew he could move fast but this was a speed that left my mind in a state of loss. Freddie quickly drank the contents and placed the cup back into my hand. I took this to mean that he wanted more, so I cooperated and brought him more.

He drank it a bit more slowly this time. When he had had enough, he tossed the cup onto the table. This I believed was his way of saying, "No more."

It came to me as I looked into the freezer that there was no sign of waste. Did Freddie ever have to relieve himself? Maybe it was his suit. This quandary brought a lot of questions to my mind. Was he hungry? If so, what did he eat, and how did he survive in there without the benefit of oxygen? True, he had a small air supply for a while, but, how did he make it stretch so far? The big question for me was, how the hell had he escaped detection from the *School* members?

As we looked at each other a thought came to me. One which I never even considered. What if Freddie wasn't there at all when the School came to investigate? Surely they had to have opened the freezer door-the key was easy enough to find. They must have found no evidence of Freddie, not a trace. I had to wonder about what was going through their minds. They must have been furious, although they couldn't have searched too thoroughly because they missed my journal completely. I had put it under a loose piece of carpet, I had cut just for the purpose of hiding it in the back of the closet. It seems that I had done a better job of hiding things than I thought. Or, they must have been in a hurry. Well, at least they were discreet about it. Most things were in the right place but I noticed that some things had been rifled through.

I realized Freddie was staring at me with great intensity, and for the first time I saw that his eyes had changed in color, to a deep purple hue. I started to feel the same strange invasion of thoughts, that I felt with my first contact with the Obelisk. My God, Freddie was reading my mind. Or in some unfathomable way, he was assimilating data from me. I backed up, somewhat alarmed. I was sick and tired of having my privacy invaded.

"No!" I shouted. "Stay out of my head!" Freddie's neck craned back and he let out a hiss. Within my mind, I sensed his displeasure at our telepathic break. Then, I sensed surprise, no, absolute astonishment. Freddie may not have thought that I could feel his presence in me. For once, he was caught totally off guard in our attempts to communicate with one another.

Something strange began to happen. The air around Freddie stirred, just a bit. The cup moved a few inches then flew off the table, which began to shake violently. Things in the garage started to take on a foggy consistency. I became very nervous. Was he about to attack me? If he was I was done for because I couldn't move, not an inch. So much power in this one small

creature, so much depth. Suddenly I felt very insignificant. I wasn't angry, not at all. On the contrary, I was calm, but paralyzed.

I knew instinctively that this was not going to be an attack but some very advanced form of communication. I was being pulled somewhere or to some time which I couldn't determine. Some kind of flux. There was no way of knowing. Man-made concepts of time and space seemed irrelevant here. I was floating in a strange fluid, an embryonic substance. I was a child again. I could smell all the things that made up my first years on this planet. The smell of my mother and father, a rubber ball, the chalk on the first day of school. Everything was new here. A blade of grass was so much more than only that. A friend, any friend; how precious they were. I knew that for all my reevaluations of life, I had missed the most important thing of all. That we are truly a part of everything. There is no separation except for that which we create ourselves. A world so big, of atoms so small. The large is built upon the great and the great assumes the life of a servant.

Knowing its purpose is to be part of the whole. People matter. What we know shapes us and if the truth is not a part of that equation than our race for growth is stymied. I saw and I could not believe, then I felt and could not deny. Man's perception of truth is a journey to find options amidst the one pure truth, the substance of which gives hope and power to control our own lives. It allows us to govern without fear and ignorance, and to once and for all be whole again.

As the room started to come into focus... for a moment, I saw stars collecting in the corners of the room, only to fade into the fabric of space. I hadn't gone anywhere. I had in fact finally seen what the walls of this world were really made of. I had witnessed what exists around us all but what we just can't see: the ability to move through time and space as freely as one would sleep or take a breath. Such elemental thoughts were a dynasty to a newborn, and an awakening to the things that are the unseen engines of life. Freddie was looking at me, and I saw him in a whole new light. Not as being separate from me or alien, but the same, a part of me I had yet to understand. It was like discovering that the two appendages you use to kick things with as a baby could also help you to walk. Would there be a time when humanity and others would run among the stars together?

* * * * *

Robert: "Well, I must say, this story gets more and more fascinating. What were the effects of this journey and its revelations? How did you handle coming out of it?"
Jonathan: The feeling that I was part of the universe rather than a casual observer is something that is hard to explain. I'm not sure that any words in our language can in any way form a reasonable or reliable picture of what I had experienced. Everything had taken on new meaning for me. I had seen and tasted life for the first time in a unique way. It was like floating in space and at the same time being a part of space. It wasn't a physical or spiritual sensation but rather an amalgamation of both. This wasn't some esoteric journey meant to become a mystical byproduct of inherent self-exploration. It was instead, a conduit leading to old things seen clearly for the first time.
We as a species have built a wall against the things we fear to understand. I think in many ways aboriginal concepts are far closer to the reality of universal truth than are modern technological constructs of future invention. We have choices in our lives, yes that is true, but by denying what is actual, we are covering our heads in the proverbial blanket, hoping to keep out the monsters that don't exist unless we give them credence.
As for coming out of it, I never really did. I still see things in a very different way. The sense of separation has been somewhat alleviated. We, without realizing it, live to some degree in a state of atrophy. Without knowing the truth our lives are not as full and rich as is possible. There are those who would rather keep us in the dark. The reason for this is simple. They are afraid. Their idea of power is an illusion, so they try to feed it with the blood, sweat and fears of others to give it substance. We in turn, internalize our fears and keep ourselves in a state of hopelessness."
Robert: "Do you feel that Freddie was the source of this illumination?"
Jonathan: "I have come to realize that Freddie was himself, the difference between how we see the world and how the world experiences us. The source is something that we need not build monuments to or hold praise for, but instead we need to simply appreciate its being and know that we are the great that makes up the large."
Robert: "Are there social responsibilities in these thoughts?"
Jonathan: "A tremendous amount. We have an obligation to each other to be honest and to work with, instead of against, one another. We have been divided long enough, we have drawn racial, fanatical, religious, gender and technological lines. We have mastered building barriers. We fortify our self

image in the social caste dogma of modern society. We have come to the conclusion that it is easier to deny ourselves than it is to deny the world. We can not change the world if we are not willing to change ourselves. Violence surrounds us and we feast on it. Secretly we tune in to those television shows that perpetuate violence, ignorance and deceit. The proof of the pudding resides in the television ratings. What are the most popular shows and who is subjugated by them? It's time to pull the plug on this garbage and bring in some serious education."
Robert: "Do you feel you are beyond or above those observations?"
Jonathan: "No, if anything I am bound by them. I stand with my fellow humans in strengths and weaknesses. I'm not better or worse than anyone else. I did not choose this road. It's just that I have come into a different way of looking at things. Einstein, Tesla, and Hawkings for all they know or knew, are no greater than you or I in the scheme of things. Yet this does not in any way take away from their gifts of invention and comprehension. We should invest in their teachings and evolve innovations derived from them. We make a big mistake when we put anyone on a pedestal. When we make such heroes out of our common kind we tell each other that somehow we aren't worth as much. The world says we need heroes but I don't personally believe that we do. I think we just need each others support and ourselves. We have everything we need to make it here but the problem is, we aren't using what we have available for our betterment. We are sheep being held back."
Robert: "You have had several dreams about the Obelisk. You told me that you had some theories about it. Can you now share them with me?"
Jonathan: "The Obelisk is an interdimensional conduit, like a doorway, I believe. It is in a way a living thing, a pseudo-entity, an artificial life-form, if you will. From what I could gather, it allows one to phase from one dimension to the other, all the while protecting the occupant."
Robert: "That is some theory. When do you think you developed the idea?"
Jonathan: "I believe that my contact with the Obelisk has allowed me some insight into how it works. Whether this was intentional or just a product of that contact I can't be sure. I do believe that it somehow uses a technique similar to that of Freddie's to get into my thoughts. It is a possibility that actual travel using the Obelisk can only be achieved through some kind of symbiosis."

Robert: "Do you think that the Obelisk was an influencing factor on you somehow?"
Jonathan: "I would have to say that by my contact with it, it has given me some insight, but it has not and does not control me in any way."
Robert: "What, if any, connection do you feel you have with Freddie?"
Jonathan: "My connection with Freddie had more than a tangible impact to it, it was also reciprocity on a visceral level. Although we met in a moment of violence, we both managed to rise beyond the emotional, to devise a rudimentary form of communication. Possibly a form of telepathic exchange. For reasons that are not clear, Freddie trusted me. At least to some degree. The level of this trust and what it meant to him is an enigma, something I may never know. One thing I have wondered about is my illness and its relation to Freddie."
Robert: "Do you have a theory on this?"
Jonathan: "I believe that the pain that Freddie experienced was somehow transferred in part to me through a type of empathic transmission. This I think was done via the Obelisk. My contact with the object affected its extrasensory conduit with Freddie so it used me as a link. Being that I had Freddie and Freddie was isolated, possibly the Obelisk had to find a way to establish reconnection. The only way was through my extraneous tie with Freddie. I think perhaps that was one of the reasons for the dreams and it partially explains the strange sensation I had when I touched it. The Obelisk's function, I believe is that of a *trans-biomorphic gate*."
Robert: "What is that?"
Jonathan: "As an interplanetary vehicle, it can slip through dimensions while keeping the individual within it, in a state of transitory isolation. The occupant, whether it be Freddie or me or an area, could not take the shift from one temporal state to the next, without a protective environment. I think the Obelisk can shift its form and alter its structure in order to fold space and time in to another place or time. That is why I couldn't move it. It was actually in two places at once. It was anchored here, bridging to some other unknown location."
Robert: "You have come in contact with some truly fascinating technology. Do you feel that if the human race got hold of this technology, it would be used for our benefit, or would it be a detriment to our species?"
Jonathan: "It would be nice if we could trust world powers to do the ethical thing with such knowledge, but that simply isn't reality. As a world

community, we can't even get along. Imagine any one of the great powers or even one of the lesser ones, having this kind of information. Right now, the world waits and wonders if someone will use nuclear, biological, chemical or any number of assorted clandestine weaponry we have yet to hear of, against the citizens of this planet. I can't imagine mankind growing up enough in the next century to be trusted with such important technology, but I believe it has been on earth for sometime. If we could, as a planet, work with each other, then the growth to our species, even without the benefit of Freddie's technology would be incalculable.

Robert: "What kind of secret weapons do you think we have developed?"

Jonathan: "Officials of the Russian government have stated that they have had *scalier weapon technology* for sometime. Of course there are other developing terrors, that are hidden from public view by Black Corporations, buried deep within the military. I believe that *nano-technology* will more than likely be used in any number of horrific situations. Imagine eating a grape, and inside the little piece of fruit is a machine so tiny it's invisible to the naked eye. You have swallowed this miniature device, that in itself is not a problem, the problem is that the *nano* is programmed to pop one of your primary arteries and kill you. There are other more devious weapons in the works. Remote viewing in and of itself is a passive skill, but there are those that have combined it and other techniques with more lethal results, allowing for long distance assassination through telekinetic means."

Robert: "Do you think we are currently using extraterrestrial technology?"

Jonathan: I believe it's a probability that after Roswell, anything can be possible. *Reverse engineering* is a reality. We have been doing it ever since mankind has been at war with itself. Whenever one side of a conflict obtained a weapon from the enemy, provided it was a useful one, the first order of business would be to take it apart and see how it worked and improve upon it."

Robert: "Do you think that there is or was a civilization on Mars?"

Jonathan: "Yes, during the last two years I have been shown undeniable proof that Mars was at one time, inhabited by an intelligent social civilization. Right now, there are people engaged in a struggle to wrestle the truth from NASA. We have the proof, we just have to learn to accept it."

Robert: "Do you think the *pursuit of truth* comes with a price?"

Jonathan: "Without a doubt. And the truth, will change us <u>all</u> and everything we've

come to believe in… forever."

THE PRICE
CHAPTER TEN

Freddie gave a little squeak, as I came out of the strange journey. I staggered, then braced myself against the garage wall. Freddie turned from me and jumped back into the freezer, shutting the door and closing himself inside. I stood up and for the first time, didn't lock it. Returning to the house, I was sleepy and ready for some rest. I climbed up the stairs and fell into an uneventful sleep. At 9:00 in the morning, I received a disturbing call from work.

"Hello." I answered.

"Good morning, Jonathan. This is Nathan. I was wondering if you were still sick?"

"Yes, I am still a little under the weather." The truth was that after last night I felt there was more work than ever to be done in bringing Freddie to the world and the right people.

"Are you taking an extended leave of absence from work? The reason why I ask this, " he said in a whisper, "is because some people are here boxing up things from your office."

I just about fell over. It must be *the school*. "What people?" I asked trying to keep calm.

"Some officials and police. I was told by the administration to keep out of their way."

"I'm coming down there. Don't tell anyone, all right?"

"Mum's the word." Nathan quickly and abruptly hung up the phone.

Now I was in real trouble, but it was too late. I would have to face the music. I quickly ran upstairs and grabbed my briefcase all the while kicking myself for allowing the conversation. I had, in my haste, forgotten about the phone tap.

I was in my Jeep before I knew it, my heart pumping like a jackhammer. What the hell was I going to do once I got there? I gunned the pedal and pulled out of the alley onto the main road. My adrenaline was going and I was so pissed I could barely see straight. In half the normal time, I reached

my building. I parked in the garage, ran into the building and to the elevator. I thought, in a few minutes I will be there. I need to keep calm and collected. I can't afford to do anything hasty. The elevator doors opened and I walked out as if nothing was at all wrong. I walked right past the administrator's desk. I could hear her trying to stop me…

"Dr. Reed, Dr. Reed, stop, I need to talk to you."

I paid her no attention as I walked straight ahead. No one was there, so I opened the door to my office. Everything was gone. All my books, files, pictures, and they had taken everything out of my desk as well. Even my wooden-book case was gone. It was like someone opened up a door to space and the vacuum sucked everything into oblivion, everything except my desk and chair. I was looking at my walls when Miss. Pendleton walked into the room.

"Dr. Reed, I have been calling you." She almost didn't seem real. It sounded as though she was calling me from some where far away.

"Dr. Reed!"

"How could you, Dorothy, how could you let them do this?" I said turning to face her.

"How could I?" she said with an indignant look on her face. "I want to know just what this is all about. The police were here and they said you were under investigation."

"They were police?"

"Detectives actually, and they were quite specific on you not being allowed in here." All the pictures of Ann, Suzy and places and things that held special meaning for me were gone.

"What possible reason would they have for not allowing me into my own office, especially when there is nothing here?"

Dorothy walked towards the door, "I'm sorry, Jonathan, but you will have to leave." Softly she added, "Take care of yourself." She held open the door for me, a look of guilt nailed to her face by the hammer of accusation.

I stopped after I passed her and said, "I know it's not your fault. " She looked down as I said this. I knew she was scared. In all the years I had worked here I had never known her to act this way.

I walked to the elevator and rode down to the parking garage where I left my Jeep. As I made my way to the vehicle I noticed a large black sedan across the floor. On the passenger side was a familiar face. It was Hobart and he was smiling at me. I began to walk toward the car, furious. Suddenly

all I wanted to do was make that bastard pay for everything that I had gone through. I started to run towards them. I must have looked like a mad man because the expression on Hobart's face quickly went from one of amusement to one of concern. He leaned over and said something to the driver. Just as I reached the sedan they sped away, my curses trailing behind them.

I walked backed to the Jeep, my chest heaving. I knew what I did was dangerous, but I had to do something. I felt like my humanity was being taken away slowly by unseen forces. With suspicion I looked at my Jeep, maybe they had planted a bomb or some other dangerous device in my vehicle. Would they be so bold as to do something so blatant? As I started to put the key into the lock I noticed a pay phone in the reflection of my side door window. I had a thought. Nathan had been conspicuously absent when I went up to my office. I jogged over to the pay phone just wanting to do this one thing quickly and to get out of here. I was starting to feel claustrophobic. At the phone I decided to use coins instead of my calling card just in case someone was watching. I punched the number for the university directory assistance. There was a wait for the automated system to come on line and tell me how much money would be needed. "Please deposit thirty five cents for the first ten minutes." I dropped the change in, while I took notice of every car, van or person in the vicinity.

"This is the University directory assistance. How may we direct your call?"

"I would like to page Nathan Brooks please."

"One moment please. What department?"

"The psychology department." I could hear her typing the information into the computer.

"I am sorry, there is no one listed by that name." I was really getting nervous and my patience had worn thin.

"Look, I know there is a person under that name! He is my damned partner!" "I'm sorry I've had a long day. Now, my name," I said a little impatiently, "is Jonathan Reed. My assistant in the psychology department is Nathan Brooks." Again the keys and then a long pause,

"I am unable to find any one by that name Mr. Reed, and there is no listing for you either."

"What?" I asked softly with some reluctance.

"I'm sorry but there is no listing for either a Mr. Brooks or a Mr. Reed."

I dropped the phone. It had already begun. My life was being erased. As I walked away the university operator's voice squawked from the dangling

receiver.

"Hello. Hello, are you all right? Are you there?"

It sounded like a miniature person calling to me. As the sound of her voice vanished with it went the last hope of any recovery from this nightmare.

I walked back to the car wondering if this was it. All seemed as it should be as I got into the Jeep closing the door. I turned the key in the ignition. It started. I pulled forward and drove out of the garage onto the street. Gratefully I noticed that the traffic had thickened a bit since I had been inside. I was an anonymous object among many, not so much a target in the open. Suddenly a small slip of paper fell down from the visor. Something was written on it. I turned the paper over. Written in bold letters were the words; **BOOM! NOW - THINK ABOUT IT…**

I suddenly slammed on the brakes making the tires scream. A van behind me locked up its wheels nearly smashing into my Jeep, as I came to a sudden halt. I was shaking uncontrollably. The angry shouts and honking horns protesting my sudden lurch to the sidewalk, were dimmed by the rush of pulse in my ears. The Jeep went up over the curb sending people in all directions. I opened the door and fell onto the sidewalk. Bathed in sweat, my head was spinning. I lay against the Jeep for a moment, then felt the hands of people helping me up. "Are you all right Mister? Are you having a heart attack?" I looked up into the eyes of a kid, he was a tall slender teenager whose open mouth revealed a silver row of braces.

"I'm fine." I got up and pushed my way through the small group of onlookers. Strange I didn't remember being so far from my Jeep. I climbed in and honked my horn to clear a path and drive away. I was lucky no cop had stopped me, because I had no idea what I would say. I hoped nobody wrote down my plate number.

I drove around getting my thoughts back on track. It was 11:00 a.m. when I parked my Jeep and walked the few feet to a park. I walked thinking of Nathan and Dorothy. Would they be all right? Nathan wasn't at the office when I arrived. He was probably told to find a job and to lay low for a while. The "detectives" must have had our names taken off the directory. The sounds of people in the park made me feel better, like I was still part of the human race. I found a place to sit on the grass, to clear my mind and think about what I needed to do now. I couldn't go back to Professor X, that much was clear. I wasn't sure if I wanted to call anyone on the list I was given. I was already responsible to some degree for the hardships faced by Gary,

Dolly, Dorothy, and Nathan. The note in my Jeep made it plain to me that if they wanted me dead they could have done it by now. It seemed they preferred intimidation. They more than likely were angry about the wild goose chase Gary and I had set up for them. I couldn't think of a place I'd be safe now. How could I protect myself? I could go to the police but if those were real detectives at the university then I wasn't about to get any help from them. More than likely it was *the school* with fake ID. I felt the police would simply be overpowered by them. These people are the real power.

For a long time, I had heard rumors about the Black Corporations. Now I believed that they were real and very dangerous. I was caught in a power struggle for my life. The enemy was some sort of secret sub- government that wants everyone at each other's throats. This didn't surprise me. I have seen the decline in the nuclear family punctuated by the loss of a strong educational institution. We are willing to finance sports stadiums with tax payer's dollars, but when it comes to building schools and making sure that our children have the best education possible we falter. We are told that we are only allocated so much money to spend on education and when that much has gone into the system then that is all she wrote. It doesn't matter that we spend two hundred million dollars on a new sports arena. What happens when the team goes belly up or leaves for another city? We get to foot the bill, and one way or another we end up on the short end of things and our kids go with us. How ironic, that the individuals that hold the truth and provide us with the lies, should call themselves *the school*. A country ruled in fear and ignorance is a people manipulated and controlled.

I had to wonder why I was still alive. What could they be waiting for? In earlier times, apparently they would just burn you out and hope you would keep your mouth shut. I have a feeling that even this is not beyond them. Who knows what they are capable of. I had spent so long in listening to others talk of their problems that I'd forgotten these were just symptoms of a sick society. The cure was just a bureaucracy away, the truth buried under mountains of useless information. The intelligence community won't come to the rescue because they also may be involved. I was a target now, and would have to consider every move I made from now on with that fact in mind. This was much more serious that I had thought.

It was 1:00 p.m. when I felt calm enough to leave. I walked back to the Jeep. I thought it would be a good time to call Gary and let him know what had taken place. At a grocery store I stopped to use the pay phone inside. I

took careful notice of everyone around me. I couldn't see anything out of place. Still, I told myself, if they didn't want to be noticed, they would be as invisible as air. I paged Gary and left him a predetermined code that told him to go to the pay phone down the street from him next to a restaurant. I wanted him to call from a public place, I gave him the number of the pay phone I was using. About seven minutes later the phone rang. When I answered, I knew that something was wrong. Gary's voice was shaky.

"Jonathan?"

"Gary what's going on?" I asked, concerned.

"I've been followed everywhere I've gone. Right now they're parked across the street watching me." I could hear the fear in his voice.

"Hang in there Gary." I wasn't sure I wanted to tell him what had happened to me, but I owed him the truth. "Gary, I got a call from work." I started nervously. " Nathan Brooks called and said detectives were there boxing up my things."

"Why?"

"It was *the school*, I'm sure of it." I tried to keep my voice calm.

"What did you do?" Gary asked tensely.

"I went down there to see what the hell was going on." I glanced around me and continued. "When I got there everything was gone, even the pictures off my walls. Why would detectives take the pictures? They wouldn't, there was no reason for it, but *the school* had reason. Now they have pictures of my family, friends, coworkers and even one of Suzy. The thing that really concerns me Gary, is that Dolly was in one of them."

He didn't say anything for a moment, then he spoke slowly. " What happened to *Nathan*?"

"I don't know. When I tried to page him, I was told by the operator that he basically didn't exist, *and neither did I.*"

Gary's breathing quickened in fear. "What the hell are we going to do, Jonathan?"

"First, we have to keep from losing it totally. Second, we have to contact the people in that file Professor X. gave me."

"Great! So we stay calm and make some calls, then *what the fuck* do we do?" Gary was very upset. If we were going to have any chance at survival, I would have to give him some hope.

"Gary, listen to me very carefully. They want us to be so terrified, that we lose focus on what is truly important. We have some options. It is imperative

that we stay focused and work this out."

"All right, you're right." He said through clenched teeth. "We can do this. Maybe we can train Freddie to zap these bastards." Gary was using his humor as an escape, but I knew that it wouldn't be enough this time.

"Gary, I saw Hobart in the garage where I was parked. He was laughing at me. I was so mad I ran at him. It didn't matter to me that he was in a car. I wanted to get my hands around his neck." I now thought of a way to give Gary some assurance. I hoped that it would work. "Do you know what he did when I started to run at him?"

"What?" he said, a glimmer of optimism in his voice.

"He had his driver get him out of there. He knew I meant business." Now I had him going in a direction where we could make some progress.

"So they're cowards after all." he snorted.

"That's right. They could have killed us any time but they won't. I think we have something that scares them, something that's holding them somewhat at bay."

"What do you think that is?" he asked excitedly.

"We have the truth. They know we have Freddie, but they don't seem to know where." I was feeling a little better. We did hold a major card here. What worried me now was their change in strategy. How long would it be, before they picked us up for some *hands-on* questioning.

"Why do you think, *they don't know*, where Freddie is?"

"I believe that they checked the garage, but found nothing. Nothing at all."

"But you think they have the place bugged." He countered.

"Yes, I do, but I believe that for some reason their equipment doesn't work."

I decided not to tell him about the telepathic experience with Freddie yet.

"Why do you think that is?" Gary pressed.

"I think it is Freddie himself. Don't ask me to explain because I don't know how or the why myself. But you and I know he was in the freezer locked up." Gary fell silent for a long moment, then he burst out, "How do we know that the Obelisk didn't take him somewhere while *the school* was searching the place?" That could explain why Freddie didn't need air or food, why he only needed a little water and why they didn't find him.

"You have a point there Gary. I think that you may have just hammered the nail on the head." I sighed heavily, and turned to look around as I moved the phone to my other ear. Just then I spotted two strangers staring at me. One

was a man in his late 30's, the other a woman somewhat older. Both were dressed well and pretended to be reading magazines. They both were peering over them every so often, and when I moved just slightly they quickly hid their faces in the magazines. "Gary I need to see you." I said quietly

"Let's meet at the library."

"Good idea, it's quiet and very public." I turned slightly. The man was moving towards me from my right, the woman from my left. "Gary, I have to go. I'll be there in an hour."

"Why so long ?"

"I have to lose a couple of busybodies first." I hung up and turned to the man. "Can I help you?"

"I was wondering when you were going to get off the phone so we could talk to you." I kept my distance from both of them while making my way to the door of my Jeep.

"What do you want?" I hissed.

"We would like to ask you some questions. Why don't you come with us?" They moved a little closer.

"Are you police?" I asked as I stepped between them and the door.

"It would be better for you and your friend if you let us help you, Jonathan." He said in a non threatening tone.

"Who are you two?" My fists balled tight. I felt my chest tighten. I couldn't imagine what they were doing, after all we were in a supermarket.

"Jonathan, we are not the enemy. We are not here to hurt you." I had heard all this before and I wasn't buying any of it.

"Look whatever you want, I don't have it, Ok?" The woman stopped at his raised hand.

"All right, but when you are ready to talk we will listen." What was this cryptic nonsense, was everyone involved in this insanity except for Gary and myself?

" How can you help me? How would I contact you if I wanted to talk?"
The man's smile was gentle. "We will contact you Dr. Reed, and as for how we can help you, well, let's just say that there have been others in similar situations and we help provide a certain level of anonymity for them."

"That's all fine and good, but what am I supposed to do till then?"

"As I said you could come with us right now." his voice soothed. I knew I wasn't ready to trust them. How did I know that they weren't part of *the school* or some other clandestine organization?

"Some other time." I said and quickly walked out the door to my Jeep. I looked back and I couldn't see them anywhere.

I jumped into the vehicle and sped away, eyeing every car, truck and van around me. Taking the freeway, I headed for the first exit. I went up and down blocks with no pattern in mind in order to see if anyone was following me. When I felt secure in the fact that no one was tailing me I headed straight towards the library. It was 45 minutes after Gary and I, hung up. I drove into the parking lot hoping to see Gary's car or truck, wishing I'd asked him which one he was driving. I parked and waited for about ten minutes then went in. The place was nearly empty, and I wasn't sure if this was a positive thing or a negative one. On one hand, it would be easy to spot anyone suspicious, and keeping tabs on everyone would be a breeze. On the other hand, we would be easy to spot and be observed. Grabbing a book on Chinese history I slouched in a chair with an eye on the front door for Gary's entrance.

I sat there nearly two hours, I tried to page him but there was no response. I decided to drive by his home. I arrived at his house at 5:30 p.m. There were no vans in sight so I went right to the door. I knocked, but no one answered. I looked into his window. The place seemed lifeless. I was very nervous. Maybe they picked him up. Maybe it was even the same two who tried to corner me earlier. No, Gary would have never gone with them. I decided there was nothing to gain from staying here. The most likely explanation was that he couldn't shake the people following him, and rather than leading them to me he just kept driving. I went to my Jeep and drove for home.

I was tired and needed some rest. I was frustrated about not remembering to ask Gary if he managed to mail some things that I had given him. I could only hope that he had succeeded in doing so. I headed home wondering what my next move would be. If the people at the supermarket were not associated with *the school*, who were they? Traffic was an ordeal, so I got off the freeway at the first convenient exit for something to eat. I used the time to write in my journal, which I now kept in my briefcase. I used to keep my briefcase in my Jeep, which was what saved it from *the school* finding it, but now I kept it with me wherever I went.

I arrived home at 9:00 p.m. to a horrific sight. Three large vans were out front. There were men moving boxes out of my house. Rather than driving by them I elected to back up down the street and drive as fast as I could to Dolly's. I made sure that I wasn't being followed. When I was certain that I wasn't, I made my way to Dolly's.

I stopped, parked and I tried to call Gary. It rang twice and then someone answered. "Hello." It wasn't Gary's voice I was hearing. Someone was in his house. I quickly hung up and walked up the street to Dolly's. I rang the doorbell not knowing what to expect. Dolly appeared.

"Jonathan what's happened?" she asked concerned. I was sweating heavily, I felt lightheaded and I was nauseated. Dolly quickly ushered me into the house and poured me a shot of bourbon. I gulped it down quickly. This was followed by a cool glass of water. Once I'd finished this I began to tell her everything.

"Dolly," I began while catching my breath, "they are taking everything out of my house, my work place, my life and Gary is missing!"

Dolly had a look of dread on her face. Dolly loved Gary and me as if we were her own children. "Jonathan." she said sternly. "Now just calm down and pull yourself together." Dolly placed her hand on mine firmly. This motherly action had its desired effect and I began to calm down just a bit. "Now tell me slowly everything that happened." she continued.

"I received a call from work, one of my coworkers, Nathan. I don't know if you have ever met him. Anyway he called me and told me there were people, two men to be exact, taking things out of my office."

"What did they take?"

"Everything." I said. So the conversation went from there. I told her everything leaving nothing out. I told her that they now had a picture of her and I told her how Gary had not shown up at the library as planned. "And now Dolly, they are going through everything in my house and someone other than Gary just answered his home phone. It's just insane."

"I'm not worried about that right now, Jonathan I am just concerned about you and Gary."

"Right now I'm a little concerned about us too." I walked to the front of the house and peeked out the window."

"Jonathan what are you doing?"

"Seeing if I was followed." I said, turning from the window.

"Jonathan, if they know where I live then there's nothing that can be done, other than to deal with it."

I walked back with her to the kitchen. It was the one spot in her house that brought hope into my tumbling world. I remembered sitting here after a long day at work and talking with Dolly on the issues of the day. "What am I going to do, Dolly?" I said, emotionally spent. I was angry and tired.

"Whatever you have to. You need to bring this into the light of day, Jonathan. Don't let these bastards keep you from doing what's right." Dolly was angry and that was a good thing, because when she was like this it forced me to focus on what was important.

"I need to go back to Gary's house and see what has happened. You should stay here."I said as Dolly stood up.

"I'm a part of this Jonathan, and will do as I need to. I'll go with you. I have to know if he is all right."

"Dolly, they may have no idea that you have anything to do with this. We shouldn't put you in that kind of danger. We need someone to tell the truth if something happens to Gary and me. Someone has to tell the story." I thought that I'd made a good point and that I had for once out-maneuvered her, but some things never change.

"Jonathan, I appreciate your concern," she said sincerely, " The fact is that they already know. People like this have access to everything. If they have my picture then they have me." She said, as matter of fact.

She was right. I just didn't want to face that reality. Now I had gotten two of the most valuable people in my life involved in something that had gone from nightmare to actuality in one week. There was no going back for any of us and that included Dolly. She saw the guilt on my face and decided to put things into perspective.

"Jonathan none of us here are victims. We have made choices that have consequences and now we must face them one way or another."

"I know Dolly, but God how I wish that we weren't the ones who had to make them." We walked out to my Jeep and left for Gary's. Dolly didn't live far from Gary. He had moved to this area about five years ago and fell in love with it. We arrived at Gary's at 1:20 a.m. There were no surveillance vehicles in sight, so we went to the door. I rang the bell, and Dolly peeked in through the front windows to see if anyone was home.

"Any lights on Dolly?"

"None that I can see, but he may be upstairs or in the back." I rang the bell several times in rapid succession, pushing as hard as I could on the bell, as if this would help in the matter. I was getting desperate. I tried the door knob and even rammed my body against the door a few times.

"Jonathan control yourself!" Dolly said in a harsh whisper. I looked at her and smiled. I walked over to the window where she was standing.

"Excuse me." I said as I moved in front of it. Dolly watched me, a questioning look on her face. Then she realized to her horror what I was about to do.

"Jonathan, no!"

It was too late. I smashed in the front window with my elbow protected by my coat.

"Jonathan, someone is going to call the police." She said, looking about her.

"Good." I replied. "Then maybe we will get some help here or cause some attention."

Dolly pursed her lips. She wasn't happy about this. "More than likely, they will put us away." she whispered in frustration. She'd never bargained for a *break-in*.

I climbed in through the front window and opened the door for Dolly. Closing the door, Dolly and I proceeded towards his work den. I was familiar with the house and led Dolly on through to our destination. I turned on the light allowing time for our eyes to become acclimated. Then I grabbed a flashlight that Gary kept in his den in case of a power failure. This was where he spent most of his time. I could see the beginnings of a new project on his drawing board.

"What are you looking for Jonathan?"

"I know Gary's password. There have been times that I had to use his computer for work of my own. I have sent mine to the shop several times, as a matter of fact it's there right now." I keyed-in the password and waited a moment, it wasn't long before Gary's private messages and notes came up. I scrolled through them but couldn't find anything. "There's nothing here, so he probably hasn't been here or he would have left me a message." Frustration changed my inflection from a whisper to a loud statement. "Lets look around the house ." I said, dropping my speech once again to a whisper.

I led with the flashlight in hand. We proceeded to the back of the house. I knew that every moment we stayed put us in further danger. The house might be bugged, which meant that they already knew we were here.

"Maybe Gary was afraid that the wrong people would get a hold of his hard drive." Dolly imparted. I was amazed that she knew what a hard drive was. Dolly was in many ways old fashioned. I wondered how she came about knowing such a thing. As if reading my mind she said curtly. "I'm not that old fashioned." I just looked at her and smiled, as we came to the pantry.

Nothing seemed out of place. Gary kept a clean home. I began to wonder if I had over-reacted. We had seen nothing that would lead us to believe that anything out of the ordinary had occurred here. This brought to mind the things that were going on at my house right at this very moment. I began to think about Freddie. I knew when I saw the vans and people there, that there was nothing that I could do to stop it now. I was outweighed and outnumbered. And, where would I go for help?

"Let's go upstairs." I said walking towards them. We walked up slowly, not knowing if anyone was there or not. Upstairs was the bedroom. He also had a large room he used as a library and office. The door to his room was open. There was no one inside. We then moved to his library which was separated by a small thin hall. I opened the door slowly and walked inside. The light from my flashlight came to rest on some books piled on a table which was in the middle of the room. I walked over to them picking the one on top up.

"What is it?"

"It's a book on dry-walling." I moved the light around and walked over to his phone. Something had caught my eye. The answering machine that was normally there was now missing. In it's place was a large gray box. It had no lights or switches and made a strange, deep, rhythmic hum. One thing was for sure, it wasn't his. Obviously someone had been here and left the device, who's function I could only guess at, but it may be a sensor or alarm. I grabbed Dolly's arm and raced for the door.

"Jonathan what's wrong?" She asked in agitation.

"Someone has been here and I have a feeling they are on their way here right now."

We ran downstairs and out the front door. I looked right and left. I could see some headlights moving quickly in our direction. I gauged the distance to the jeep. We could make it.

"Let's go!" I shouted. Dolly could move like the wind despite her years. When she was younger, she would race all the kids and beat them. I fumbled for the keys but quickly got them under control. I unlocked the door and slid in, with Dolly getting in at the same time on the other side. The lights were closer and I could see the van. I had no doubts that it was them. They must have been waiting somewhere near by. They had set a trap and now had sprung it. I had no intentions of being caught.

"Dolly duck down!" I said as I slammed down the gas peddle, smashing it to the floor. The Jeep flew into action. The van right behind us swerved to

the curb in front of Gary's house, where we had just been. It bounced off the curb and angled right behind us. I raced down the street, nearly hitting one of them which was attempting to cut us off. I swerved around it and headed straight for the freeway with them in pursuit. I drove onto the freeway at about a hundred miles an hour. The two vans had a hard time keeping pace with the Jeep. I had only one chance. I had to act like I was going to go straight, then at the last minute hit the exit. It was going to be dangerous and I could see that Dolly was scared out of her wits. She was trying to keep her head down.

"Never mind that." I said to her, "Put on your seat belt." She did as I requested.

"What are you going to do?"

"Don't worry." I said as calmly as I could manage.

We were passing cars at great speeds; the traffic was almost non-existent at this early hour. I saw an exit, it was now or never. I had moved into the right lane making them think that I was going for the exit. Then I moved towards the middle lane and then finally into the left-hand lane. It was working. One had followed me into the left-hand lane, the other stayed in the center one. The exit was almost here. I had to move now. I saw the exit and swerved as fast as I could over the two lanes. The vans couldn't cope with the sudden change in direction and almost hit one another. I flew down the exit feeling like I'd given some pay back for all the hell they had put me through. Dolly was a nervous wreck and I wasn't far behind. But I was relieved because we had made it after all.

I looked at Dolly. She was breathing heavily and her eyes were closed. "Are you all right Dolly?"

"I'm fine." She said slowly.

"We'll be all right. They've been unable to follow us, so I'll just backtrack and take you home."

I headed for her house. It was strange to think that she lived so close to Gary. The last place they would look for me would be in the same area I had just left. "Dolly I'm not absolutely sure that you will be safe at home."

"And I would be safer with you?" I knew she had me there. In the last couple of hours I had told her that a secret organization bent on removing me from the face of the earth now had her picture. That Gary was missing, that I had a secret file with God knows what information in it. That I no longer

exist at work, that I no longer more than likely have a home and to top it all off we broke into a house and I risked being killed in a high speed chase.

"I know that I've put you through a lot tonight Dolly, but now we know that I have to disappear. It's the only way, but first I have some things to do. I need to do whatever I can to find Gary and I need to return home one more time."

Dolly looked like she was going to be fine. I made an audible sigh of relief. We arrived at her house.

"Jonathan, I will see myself to the door. You need to do what you need to do, but please be careful. These people are evil and have no boundaries, at least not as we understand them. You know, there was a name for people like this, in World War Two."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Nazis." She said this word as if it filled her mouth with poison. I took her hand and kissed her on the cheek.

"I love you, Dolly. Take care of yourself."

She had tears in her eyes. Dolly was not known for being emotional, but after all she had been through tonight and the thought that something may have happened to Gary, she just wasn't able to hold back her feelings.

"You just be safe." She said leaving the Jeep.

"I will call you tomorrow." I called after her. I wasn't sure if she heard me as she entered the house. I looked through the windshield of my Jeep at the street and houses that lined the neighborhood. It seemed like society and its streets were just one big prop, and that the real world was dark and ominous and lay somewhere beyond the watchful eye of humankind. I set off for my home with these thoughts haunting me. I needed to find Gary and I needed to see if Freddie was all right.

* * * * *

Robert: "Who do you think the people in the supermarket were?"

Jonathan: "As I found out later much to my surprise they were part of an underground dedicated to keeping people like me safe. This serves two purposes: one, they get the information, and two, they keep the information from those that would abuse it.

Robert: "Do you think that the call from work was meant to get you away from your house?"

Jonathan: "It was a decoy I believe. They definitely would have an easier time removing everything if I wasn't there. The fact that Hobart was in the garage tells me who was behind it all.
Robert: "What about the message in the glove compartment?"
Jonathan: "That was beyond what I had expected from them. Even though I thought that they may have booby-trapped my Jeep, I felt that it was just a moment of brief paranoia. There is a level of undeniable humiliation in being scared like that.
Robert: "Why do you think you were further out from your vehicle than thought you were, after you read the note and veered over to the curb?"
Jonathan: "It was emotional overload. A person can only take so much before his faculties shut down to some extent. The fact that I had enough of an idea on what was happening, saved me from a longer period of instability."
Robert: "The car chase was extremely dangerous. Do you feel it was worth it, taking such a risk?"
Jonathan: "First of all, the people pursuing us attempted to effectively disable the Jeep by trying to slam into it. Whether this was meant to cause us injury or even death I don't know. What I do know however, is that we more than likely would have been injured. I didn't want to stick around to find out what their motivation was. If they hadn't meant Dolly or myself any harm why didn't they stop? It was plain to me that I couldn't allow myself to be caught, or for Dolly to be recognized."
Robert: "What do you think the gray box was?"
Jonathan: "I believe it was a Total-Proximity-Evaluator.
Robert: "Is that some kind of surveillance device?"
Jonathan: "Yes, I think it is. The Total-Proximity-Evaluator uses hyper-resonance wave analyzers and electro-magnetic sensors to sense both sound and movement. It is Black Corporation technology. The air around the box is saturated with energized particles that adhere to objects which are then read by the electro-magnetic sensors. The T.P.E. has shape renderings of everything in the building. When a person enters the area under surveillance, the particle-saturated air is disturbed and the T.P.E. is alerted. The air acts like a spider's web, with the box, like the spider at it's center. When the web is agitated by the presence of an foreign object, the spider feels the vibration through the web and advances to the desired location. Of course the T.P.E. does not move in for the kill. The hyper resonance wave analyzers sweep the building sensing any distortions in the air."

Robert: "All this for you?"
Jonathan: "I don't believe so. I think that they may have been looking for something else. I also think that they had numerous detection and surveillance equipment in there, most of them hidden. Considering the fact that we only had a flashlight, it wasn't any wonder we hadn't spotted anything suspicious earlier."
Robert: "What do you think they were looking for?"
Jonathan: "I think they were hoping to catch Freddie."
Robert: "Why do you think they would look for Freddie at Gary's house?"
Jonathan: "I don't think, with everything I know now, that they were just grabbing at straws and hoping for a visual on Freddie. I think they definitely expected him. In order for them to have set up the equipment, they must of had knowledge of where Gary lived. I imagine that they had gone through the house and checked every possible place for Freddie's whereabouts. I don't think that they expected me to bring Freddie over. What I do suspect is that they believed that Freddie would show up there on his own."
Robert: "Do you think this is continuing technology?
Jonathan: "Absolutely. I know that the black corporations use this kind of technology, to watch us whenever they want to.
Robert: "Do you think that *the school* has come in contact with situations like this before?"
Jonathan: "Yes, I know that they have used this particular kind of equipment before, in similar circumstances."
Robert: "Do you think that they have been successful in capturing other beings like Freddie?"
Jonathan: "Yes, I have reason to believe that they have recovered bodies, living specimens of aliens. I think we know that something happened at Roswell and it wasn't test dummies or weather balloons."
Robert: "Why do you think that the government and black corporations are trying to keep people from knowing the truth about UFOs and aliens?"
Jonathan: "I think the most popular belief is that the government, along with the Black Corporations, feel that telling us the truth would lead to mass panic. That may be true to a large degree, but I know it has a lot more to do with keeping us under control. The next big rift in the social structure, will be those that have the technology and those that don't."
Robert: "How long do you think they will lie to us?"
Jonathan: "Forever… Or until we stop listening."

Robert: "Gary, didn't show up at the library. Where do you think he was?"
Jonathan: "I'm not sure."
Robert: "You're not sure?"
Jonathan: "I'll try and explain…"

UNDERGROUND
CHAPTER ELEVEN

I drove around for many hours trying to formulate a plan that would allow me access to my home. I decided to scout out the area and see what kind of activity was going on. On my way home, I stopped at a pay phone and called Gary's work. Tim Moffett was the guy in charge of seeing that things were going the way they should, at the site, when Gary wasn't there. It was about seven in the morning when I called. Tim was the one that answered.

"Tim." He said, in a no nonsense manner.

"Tim, this is Jonathan."

"Jonathan, do you have any idea where the hell Gary is?" Gary wasn't there? This confirmed that something had happened to him.

"You haven't heard from him at all?"

"Not a word, so if you see him - tell him to get his ass over here."

"I'll do that. Before I hung up the phone, I asked him one more question. "Do you know of any other projects that Gary might have been working on?"

"He did mention to me one time, about a place in Kent that he was looking at. He left me the address, so I could go and look at it. It's a house he put a bid on. You don't think he's moonlighting on me, do you?" Tim asked.

"I don't think so. If you give me the address I'll go over there and see if anything is going on." I waited a moment as he retrieved the information.
He gave me the address and I headed for the location.

I arrived at about 7:45 AM. It was a large house, two stories, with large bay windows.
I parked the Jeep in front of the house and walked up to it. I looked into one of the large front windows, which extended past the frame, to allow for a large windowsill. Inside was partly in shadows as I blocked the sunlight from streaming in through the window. All was quiet. What did I expect to find? I heard a car behind me and turned around. I could see who it was immediately. It was the two that I had talked with at the supermarket. They had parked right behind my jeep. I thought I would save them the time and

trouble of getting out. I ran towards their car and as the man tried to open his door I kicked it shut.

"What the hell do you people want!" I shouted. Personally I didn't care if I woke up the entire neighborhood. He looked at me through the car window. The rage on my face which was reflected in the glass made me flinch. Was this me?

"Jonathan listen to me." He said, his face betraying a look of fear and dismay.

"I'm listening." I replied.

"We are here to help you and Gary."

"Where is Gary?"

"We don't know."

I was about to break through the glass and see if I could jog his memory, when the woman got out. "Dr. Reed we are not your enemy. If you give us a chance to explain, you will see that you have a friend, in us." I wasn't about to stand here all day and go over trust issues.

"How did you find me?" I directed the question at her keeping my body against the door. This was dangerous; if they had guns, I would now be an easy target. I wasn't worried much though, because one of the neighbors came out to collect his morning paper, and was scrutinizing us.

"We came here looking for Gary." she said.

"How did you know to come here?" I asked suspiciously.

She gave me a disgruntled look. "Give us a little credit. Mr. Macklin and I have stuck our necks out just about as far as we dare on this matter. It's up to you now to decide if you want our help or not." I looked at both of them in turn and backed away from the door.

"It was always my decision." I said emphatically. She got back in the car, and Mr. Macklin handed me a piece of paper with a phone number on it.

"We'll only be at this number a couple of days. We move around a lot, as you should be. If you want to talk to us, you know what to do. And Dr. Reed, what you have - belongs not to you or me, or to the ones that have made your life a living nightmare, but to all of humankind, when the time is right. So, keep it safe."

"When will that be?" I asked.

"When humankind decides, Dr. Reed. When humankind decides."

They drove away, I knew that I wasn't finished with any of these people. It was time for me to vanish; it was the only way. Although I had no idea if Mr.

Macklin and his partner were with the *School* or not. I may have to, in the future, take a chance and call them.

I got back into my Jeep. I knew that Gary wasn't here, but I had to do something even if it seemed fruitless. I drove to my house. There was no one in sight. This meant nothing as they could be anywhere in hiding, waiting for me. I drove around to the back. No one was there. I drove around to the front and parked. If I had to leave quickly, I wanted to decrease my chances of the Jeep being blocked. I went to my front door and let myself in. I was distressed to find that it wasn't locked. I opened the door slowly and I stuck my head inside. The house was destroyed. There were holes smashed into the walls.

I moved inside, my mind reeling from what I saw. The living room was in shambles. All the furniture was shredded. There were holes in the floor and the walls, in the living room, bedroom and in the hallway. I made my way into the dining room. The sight there stunned me. What was left of the table wasn't even good enough for firewood. The cabinet where I had some fine china, was turned over and wrecked.

Everything was decimated, it was as if an explosion had gone off in the house.

I was on the verge of tears. It was far more than the things they had taken from me, it was the memories. I was enraged. I ran into the kitchen or what was left of it. Never had I thought it possible for anyone to have so completely destroyed a place. It was like a wrecking ball had swept a path of destruction through the building. My house was just a wooden frame supporting desolation now. My heart was hollow, my thoughts seethed in a moving river of flame. I staggered, flattening my hands against the wall to support myself. I had no illusions as to the appearance of the rest of the house. I wondered if they had found my little hiding place in the upstairs closet.

I walked gingerly up the steps, as there were holes in them as well. The bastards, nothing was beyond their vicious reach. Upstairs was worse, if that was possible, and apparently it was. I couldn't even tell if it was my bedroom that I was looking at, or some model of a post apocalyptic nightmare. Yes, they had found my hiding place, and now it was just a big hole. All I could see was insulation sticking out of the walls. It looked as if the walls were bleeding pink cotton candy.

The bathroom fared no better. It looked like (and more than likely they did) someone had taken a sledgehammer to the place. There was water all over Even the toilet had been removed. It was time to head out into the garage. In all the time I was here, I could find no sign of any surveillance devices.

Downstairs, I walked through the kitchen that I had so many conversations and memories in. I remembered Suzy running through here one time, after she had stuck her nose into the business end of a beehive. I had to pull stingers out of her for an hour. Another time Ann had baked a birthday cake for me, followed by a wonderful romantic weekend. I smiled at the bittersweet memories. I was wrong, they could never take the memories from me, but they had managed to destroy my life, my house and all I'd worked so hard for.

I walked through the back door of my home for the last time. The garage door was off it's hinges. I moved it aside and walked in. Everything was in chaos. Pandemonium had left it's stamp on this place as well. I looked over to where the freezer should have been but it was gone. I walked over to that now empty space. One thought above all others had entered my mind at that point. They must have taken Freddie. I looked around hoping for some sign of the impossible. My eyes swept over the contours of the room. At least it had maintained some of it's former shape, not that it mattered much now.

As I looked around, I spotted something that caught my eye; small footprints leading under the table, which at one time stood next to the freezer. My heart took a sudden leap in my chest. Was Freddie here? I knelt down and looked under the table, but there was nothing. Not exactly nothing, Freddie's footprints, were leading across the floor to the wall and then ending there. I touched them. It was as if they were melted onto the floor. And then, strangely all at once they began to fade until they were gone. Was it some kind of code or message? Will I ever know? I can only theorize as to it's meaning…

The freezer was gone, the door was ripped out from the wall. There were no doors to lock this time. I glanced down at a 5 gallon gas container that was turned over next to the door-way. Unconsciously, I reached down and grasped the handle, setting it up-right and out of the way. My mind seemed to be searching for some kind of order, in a world now only filled with unanswered questions and chaos.

My life now only a fading memory, I left my home of so many years and drove away.

I would find myself a phantom among the living. Moving from one shadow of society to the next, a vague memory in the minds of the existing. I had no identity. *They* had erased all of what I was, all my accounts and everything that labeled me, one of the people. But as I have found, what makes us part of humanity is not our credit cards or what we own. What defines us best is what we hold dearest, and for me, it is faith in myself and the truth.

EPILOGUE

ANSWERS - THEN AND NOW

That was Nine Days in October 1996. *And this is now* - 1999.

Robert: What ever happened to Dolly and Gary?
Jonathan: A few months passed before I contacted Dolly, in hope that things would have settled down. One afternoon, I went to her home, to meet with her in regard to the package that she was keeping for me. After knocking on her front door without any answer, I walked to the kitchen window. As I yelled "Dolly" into the open window, I looked down only to see her body laying dead on the floor. I found out later, that she had died of what was called '*Natural Causes*'. It was so strange, because I had only just spoken with her a few hours earlier on the phone. Oh, and there was no sign of the package that she was keeping for me.

And,.. as for Gary, well, he's gone…

Robert: Do you mean, *dead?*

Jonathan: I mean *gone! Gone*, as I knew him and no longer around here. That is all I can say about it at this time. Everything has changed so much now.

Robert: What are you going to do now - and where will you go?

Jonathan: First, you and I will document everything that has happened. We will find a way to bring all of this, to all of those who want to know just what has actually happened to me and what is continuing to go on in the shadows behind everyone's back.

Bringing this information forward needs to be accomplished carefully, in a positive - win/win situation for all. All the cover-ups and dis-information campaigns can manifest into any form. There are those who appear to stand for the truth, only to keep the entire story from ever reaching the public

and/or the light of day. First, by ripping it apart, reforming and repackaging the real information. These so called '*Truth-Cops'* then redirect or hide most of the facts, adding a 'new spin' to fit only what 'they' want to ever surface. Some of the so called '*legitimate*' fact finding organizations are only fronts for debunking and misleading the public into believing that all new events are nothing more than a hoax. This has happened to many people and events for many years including myself, destroying huge amounts of information and many lives as well. They will go to any length to accomplish their task. These debunkers can be identified by how they hunt innocent people down, almost in a 'Nazis' fashion, emotionally destroying their stories, credibility and their lives, and all in the name of '*their holy quest*' for '*their truth*'.

We cannot afford to dismiss even the events that cannot be scientifically explained. My story and many others like it, cannot be completely proven or not proven. This is not only about the events and evidence, but also about the *freedom to express ideas* and information without the fear of being censored and emotionally, physically and financially assassinated. The persecution of innocent people with information has got to stop! This is America, and we have the right to experience, believe and have faith in - anything each of us choose,… or do we? This is a very serious question. All that I want, is the opportunity to tell my story directly to the public, the people who want to hear what happened to me, both physically and emotionally. They will listen to what I have to say. I have faith in their judgment, and their right and desire to decide for themselves.

I will start, by bringing all of this information and more into the mainstream through many forums of communication. Through the mainstream of *media, lectures, film, Internet productions* and more. There are *remarkable events* happening even now but *no-one* is watching… *or are they?*

If the *people* want to know, than I must be willing to come out of the shadows myself and tell my story. To share with others the facts, the evidence, the fears and most of all, to form a new stronger union of knowledge, to drive the fear and the cover-ups out into the open. It can be done! It must be done, if we are ever to know what *"they"* are keeping from us and what is really going on with our planet Earth.

That truth is: *Extraterrestrials Are Here With Us! They Are Real* and the sub-governments of the world are trying to keep all of us from knowing anything about it. The evidence is all around us! You've either seen it or heard about it. The extraterrestrials are not necessarily our enemy, and it's time - to find out who is. We can do it if we gather enough people and support, to pressure the *hidden truth* into the light.

I can no-longer wait patiently. I *must* start living again outside of the darkness of fear.

Robert: So much has happened to you. How has all of this effected you, *personally?*

Jonathan: My life, as of about two years ago, has been totally torn away from me. All of what I was, in your world, has been *erased.* My accomplishments, credentials, bank accounts, work and education records and all other tangible forms of credibility are gone. Everyone *flat-out* denied any knowledge of my existence in every professional situation. It's as if *Jonathan Reed* never, ever existed at all. You see, *if I exist* - than maybe I am a threat to all who do not want my story told. The information I have, once released, will help change the *current plans and time tables* that keep most of the planet blind to the facts of *extraterrestrial involvement* and *developments.*

I speak also, for those who are afraid to tell their stories. This does not have to be about *fear* but *hope.* I believe, that it is time the people know just what "*they*" are not telling us… I am going to need everyone's help to fight for everyone's right to experience my journey and many others alike.

Robert: Aren't you afraid of *being killed* to keep things quiet? Have there been others helping you to stay out of sight?

Jonathan: At first, there were many attempts to silence me. I have been run-off the road while driving, had life-threatening phone calls, I've been physically attacked and been *shot at* with a gun. That is why I dropped out of the mainstream and into the underground. After living in my car and driving from city to city for two months, I was introduced to others with *valuable*

information who also have been gaining strength and knowledge by pooling vast resources to create a growing resistance, which I call, *"The Alliance"*.

Robert: What is ***The Alliance*?**

Jonathan: *The Alliance*, created over 75 years ago is currently comprised of a few hundred well informed, highly motivated, intelligent, *invisible people* all around the world. They are constantly networking all forms of extraterrestrial information, gathering hard evidence, safely storing it and supporting all progress fighting for the truth.

The Alliance is currently mounting and readying itself for a massive advancement against a huge world-wide dis-information campaign designed to bury the truth even deeper. Soon, you will see signs in the media of this. Small at first, escalating to world size events. The underground is growing. Soon, it will be publicly and openly recruiting others who are willing to come together with their information to create a focused force, united as one.

Robert: This is an *incredibly dynamic story*, but what *evidence* can you show me that will substantiate it?

Jonathan: Unfortunately, all of the *proof* and *evidence* was either stolen, destroyed or lost
by elements beyond my control… That is, all except the photographs, documentation and tapes that I was able to hide for the last two years. Here in this envelope, is the photographic documentation of the *Extraterrestrial that I found*.

I have brought *you* to this point and told you my story for one reason. I need your help. Hard evidence comes in many forms including a *polygraph* which I have taken and passed, but most importantly the people need to hear this story. Each of us, after witnessing all of it for ourselves, must decide the facts and how they may affect each and every one of us. The reason that I have asked for your help, is your name was included in the file that I was given… You - *Robert,* can help me bring this information into the open for all to experience.

Robert: *My God,* Jonathan *this is fantastic*! What other *hard or physical evidence* have you seen or experienced since your encounter?

Jonathan: As for my *personal encounter*; the day in the woods that I thought I killed Freddie, I found a *device* laying in the same proximity to his body. It must have come off of his arm during the struggle with Suzy or when I knocked him down. It is now believed to be a Controller or Link of sorts, between the alien's body and possibly the Obelisk. Measuring some *4 inches long* by *3 ½ inches wide* and only *three sixteenths* of an inch in *thickness*, at only 170.30 grams in weight, it resembles *a silver metal cuff* or *bracelet.* Found to be made of a composite material mostly composed of a radical mixture of *silicon-polymer / beryllium-aluminum, manganese, copper, zinc, bismuth, gold* and some *unknown elements* currently unrecognizable by mans standards. It is thought to be a *bio-electric receiver / transmitter,* connected to its user by means of *three surgical gold needles* passing through the suit, skin and directly penetrating into what is thought to be some specific nerves in the fore-arm. When the open crescent-shaped *cuff* was placed in direct contact with the *suit*, it automatically closed-tight around the arm by somehow *molecularly-shifting* into a flexible state. Once closed and completely bonded with the suit, it displayed a *chameleon-like mode*, taking on the blackened color of the suit. On its outer-side, there are four unusual *symbols*, now thought to be *control-function keys*. This artifact may not only be a '*Link*' to the Obelisk, but it could also be a '*Leash*' to keep-track of the *one* wearing it. Truly a magnificent piece of *engineering and physical evidence*, to say the least… and without a question, extraterrestrial in origin.

Living my life *underground* with the Alliance, I have seen an incredible plethora of evidence and hardware gathered from all over the world of *ET existence* here on Earth. I have learned that there are a few private organizations vigorously working to develop a time-table and disclosure plan. Also to openly discuss the possibilities, not only to recognize alien existence but to start communication and negotiations in alien / human co-development projects here on Earth. *It will happen. It needs to happen.*

I have seen other *extraterrestrial technologies* truly so advanced that they border only on what can be called, *magic*. These *artifacts* have been

collected over the past 100 years from all around the world. Some as large as *a container truck* and some small enough to *fit in the palm of your hand*.

I have held in my hand, a *device* not much larger than an orange, that operates much like a small electric fan, moving air but with no visible moving parts and no known source of power. If you hold it in front of you and talk or yell into it, somehow all of the sound is totally absorbed, yet the small device makes no sound of its own while delivering a cold stream of almost pure oxygen from its exhaust. NASA, maybe through reverse engineering, currently uses something similar to generate back-up electric power onboard the Space Shuttle.
This phenomenal device, said to be dated at *over 5000 years old*, was found in Egypt in 1941.

The largest *device* that I personally witnessed, was about the size of *a 60 foot container truck*. It is believed to be some kind of *power plant*, who's purpose is not fully understood. It's construction is made of a *glass-like ceramic* composite, enlisting unknown alloys creating unbelievable strength with almost no weight. This *colossus* was covered in *symbols* not unlike hieroglyphics , but different than anything ever cataloged. Within the *device*, there was what appeared to be an *operators-seat*, in front of what looked like a *control center*, again etched with unusual symbols. When pressure was applied to certain symbols, a screen-like surface in front of the panel started to glow a soft blue color. Seconds later, it became completely transparent with nine glowing blue symbols across the bottom of the screen. As of yet, the true purpose and/or use of this device is not fully known. When energized, it is known that this device creates a *focused magnetic anomaly* that flows from each end of exterior surface outward in each direction, for a measured *10 miles!* This unit was discovered in 1980, in an abandoned mine shaft, about *two miles below the surface* in upper Idaho, in the western United States. Currently, it has not been determined just how old or new this *device* truly is.

One thing is known for sure. Both of these examples of incredible engineering and intelligent technology are of *extraterrestrial origin*. How are we sure of this fact? Both devices had some of the same exact *symbols*

and markings on them, some of the same symbols that are on the artifact that I found with Freddie. The large device had another screen within it. When activated, it displayed a perfect *three-dimensional* star map between our planet Earth and our solar system, with direct coordinates and links to specific star clusters and other *new solar systems*, with exact planet locations in and around the *Orion Nebula, Upsilon Andromedae and the Pleiades.*

All of these *devices* are in *non-government* control and are held privately by members of the Alliance in many countries. But that doesn't say anything about the hard evidence held by sub-governments around the world, being reverse engineered or just hidden. It is also known that the US is testing *Extraterrestrial Force-Field Technology* in and around military installations all around the globe.

Robert: Where is the Controller or ***LINK*** that you found with Freddie, located at this time?

Jonathan: The *Link* has been scientifically examined, documented and safely stored out of my hands and *out of the country* by the Alliance. Soon, it too may be made available for public display along with many of the other *devices* and substantial *hard evidence* gathered over the years.

Robert: Do you think that the 'governments of the world' will ever admit to and release the information they have been hiding on UFO's and Extraterrestrial Existence?

Jonathan: Not until '*We The People*' force government agencies like the *United States Department of Energy,* to expose the hidden evidence that they possess, proving to the masses that we have been *lied-to* for centuries about extraterrestrial life forms here on Earth. This must be done slowly and carefully so not to create a world wide panic. *Education* is the key, <u>not</u> hiding the truth. More and more, the Alliance is readying the masses by using all forms of media including *films, television, radio and now the Internet.* Over the past ten years, *saturation information* regarding the existence of ET's has expanded everywhere you look. *Books* previously believed to be great '*science-fiction stories*' will be found to contain *actual hard evidence*.

People everywhere are now thinking about the possible co-existence of aliens and humans. Soon, there will be *paramount world events* that will once and for all show everyone that, *We Are Not Alone!* This will be done in a very positive manner and orderly fashion so that mankind can understand just what is about to happen. *This is a Good -Thing!*

We will all need to work together and support each other emotionally during this time.
Through non-government continued education, focused planning and support, we can drive the truth into the light for everyone to experience and share.

Robert: *This is truly fantastic!* Is there anything, that you believe should be told to the people, regarding all of this and how it may effect all of us?

Jonathan: *Yes*, but it is very complicated. Soon, there will be an event that will shake-up the world. Probably one of the most important thing that everyone should know, is to *keep an open mind*. There are going to be changes that will effect us all soon. We will learn things about our past and the truth about where we descended from, that will change all we have come to believe. These facts, are going to rock the world and cause huge disruptions across all borders and ripple into every race, religion and social class.

Mankind must look ahead to the future and embrace new development options. Our life on this planet depends on taking-charge of what is ahead, not what is in the past. Humankind may soon discover that our history is nothing more than an empty fabrication to conceal the truth, control and blind the masses. And that truth, will soon be told. The truth, that humankind is possibly as alien to this planet Earth that we call home, as are many of the visitors from outside our atmosphere. These, and many more facts have been documented for hundreds and thousands of years. It has been with us forever, now it is time to reacquaint ourselves with a new truth. That is, that we were possibly once visitors ourselves… *We, just decided to stay.*

The architects of these conspiracies to hide the truth have gone to great lengths to keep all of us in the dark for far too long. Soon, these and many

other facts will surface all over the planet, testing our intelligence to focus ahead. There is so much more for us to learn, if we will only open our eyes, remain optimistic and embrace that which is already begun.

The following: is a list of information which I have had the privilege to learn about, while being with the Alliance. I believe that we-all have *a right to know* just what is going on.

ANSWERS: That "**People in Power**" do not want any of us to know anything about.

… *BELIEVE IT OR NOT* …

- **Mars** - was once inhabited by highly developed, intelligent human-like beings, which may have migrated to Earth possibly millions of years ago to escape the ecological death of their own planet. We, possibly could be their *descendants*.

There are ancient ruins and evidence on the surface of Mars that prove this point.

- **Our Moon** - has evidence of structures created by intelligent life forms on it. U.S. and Russian Astronauts and NASA - have known of this fact for over 25 years.
- **New Solar Systems** - During the next two years a new Solar Systems in the area of Upsilon Andromedae, with at least 4 Earth 'class' planets will be discovered in the Milky Way, about 42 light-years away from Earth. Some of these planets are inhabited by hyper-intelligent life forms, which we will find have been visiting Earth for centuries.
- **Egypt and the Middle East** - For centuries there has been proof of an extraterrestrial presence throughout their culture. Buried within and beneath many of their monuments are discovered and undiscovered archives containing blueprints of advanced intelligent life in the universe. This information is being suppressed through bribery from the *sub-governments* of the super-power nations.
- **Weather Control** - has been available for the past 15 years, since being reverse- engineered by the Russians. Currently being secretly refined as (HAARP), a USA project. Soon there will be vivid displays of

this, with unquestionable evidence. Huge storms will be manipulated and/or moved creating havoc across the USA and the world.

- **The Aids Virus** - is a man-made, human developed, reverse engineered ET biological tool originally designed to extinguish unwanted *bio-bacteria* life forms. Money and power have had the cure, (*anti-virus*), for almost as long as we've had the virus. Humans tried to use it for his own purposes, on his own-kind, in the early 70's. The project got out of control, becoming a political nightmare. The project and every-one connected with it, were *erased.* Its all about *control and power* over the masses.
- **Earth Evolution** - Climate change, tectonic plate movement, Earth quakes, magnetic pole shifts, polar ice changes, world ecological balance disruption, volcanic activities in epic proportion. *Earth*, is a critical part of a *natural mechanism* in and of the universe.
- **DNA/Hybrid**- *Genetic* engineering of humans. Creating hybrid *Human/ET combinations* for hundreds of years.
- **STAR Communications** - Using *Light and sound-pulse technology* thousands of years advanced from ours, is currently being reverse-engineered, but with little success, in the USA and Finland.
- **Time Shifting and Distorting** - Reverse engineering from alien technology. Experimentation currently being tested and carried out in the Pacific Northwest of the US and in South Western Mexico. Hundreds of people have been affected and documented.
- **Space/Dimensional Travel** - ETs have it - Russia and the USA are jointly trying to build it - for the last 50 years, with parts and pieces traded for power and privileges with the Aliens. Currently, not much progress.
- **MIB** - to monitor ET/human activity here on Earth. Possible Human/Alien Hybrid Cooperative. Sub-governments jointly in cooperation. The Darksiders.
- **World Economic Crash** - and monetary depression worldwide. World leaders will try and fail to stabilize all monetary markets, which could result in a economic global and civil war. For food, water and political control. Millions of people will be lost due to unemployment and depression. Mass psychosis and/or depression (*could*) overtake much of the population, possibly lasting for years.

- **Cold-Tech** - (A *Cold-War* of Technologies) Up, running and in full force! Nine countries are currently involved in a subversive/espionage '*transparent war*', being waged in the race for world dominance in technologies over power, control and new Alien weapons development. (*Bio-logics* and *new power sources* such as *Zero Point Energy).*
- **Extraterrestrial Visitors** – During the next few years, there will be a signal detected from space by many private *Earth-based* sources. This will precede an *Earth landing* of an extraterrestrial robotic (*plasma*) probe somewhere in the southwestern United States, most likely in Arizona. This probe is possibly thought to be a *navigational beacon* or *surveyor* designed to send reconnaissance data back to a mothership in route, justifying *predetermined ET/Human protocol* for a mutually approved landing site, at a secret military site. The military and/or government will deny all knowledge of this event.
- **New Documentation** - Within the next few years, unquestionable evidence will come available, supporting the realities around the *Roswell Events* and others as well.
- **The Event** - *Earth* is a *type* of *vehicle* on a journey to and through time, on its way to a dimensional shift of universal proportions. This is what all the extraterrestrials have been possibly studying and waiting for. They are not interested in humans, but only that we keep from destroying *the vehicle - Earth*. Nuclear Testing and War, changes something to do with the basis of *dimensional shifting*, possibly a time shift. The Earth itself is a *living, evolving vehicle* that possibly works as a gate or key, opening between different dimensions and/or somehow can be used as a conduit for *Time/Space Travel* from one end of our universe, to others. The key between all of this, is possibly something to do with the *Earth's natural mechanical technology and human evolution*. The aliens seem to need humans for some aspect of this process. Possibly, to *integrate-biologically*, to intercede before humankind destroys themselves and Earth, *the vehicle*. Note: *Zero Point/Time Wave Factor*: 12/21/2012 and counting…
- **The Sun** - There will be *solar events* within the next few years that will effect us all. Contrary to mainstream science, the Sun being a single particle, is a decaying ball of light. Currently, there are major plans being made by most of the top governments, to quietly monitor all Earth and Sun

changes. Even the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church are involved, but keeping everything very quiet. This event could polarize all Earth's magnetic fields.

- **Bio-logical Control** - of the masses. *"High-Elevation Spraying"* by aircraft and governments using man-made *virus / bio-logics* as weapons of mass population control. It's called, "*culling*". (Chemtrails).
- **Space** - The *sub*-governments of the world are currently making ready their forces for an upcoming *space/Earth event*, possibly a mass *ET landing* or an *asteroid collision*. Space exploration will sharply change, reducing human space flights, to a minimum.
- **The Bible** - mainstream science is now starting to understand the *parallels* that run deep into mythology, mirroring each others "*Logic and Facts*". Spiritual awareness is raising.
- **Life Force** - There will emerge a new understanding of our "*soul*" or "*life force*", creating a new human evolution into something to be known as "*Silhouette*".
- **UFOs** - 30% of UFOs today are extraterrestrials. 1% are human re-engineered attempts of new forms of *ET/Human technology testing*. You know, *Man*- with their *New Toys*.

Because of all that I have been shown, I feel :
"Human Science is so backwards, I am surprised that we were ever able to crawl out of the mud and up onto dry land. Of course, maybe we didn't, on our own… We just may have had a *Extraterrestrial-genetic helping hand*,… you never know."

There is a Storm coming of epic proportion,... which will change the course of our

world as we know it, forever. Man's towering egos will fall and our civilization with be forever changed. We need to prepare.

Robert: Have you contacted any Space or Governmental Agencies such as NASA?

Jonathan: NASA, NSA, DOI or DOD, it just doesn't matter. I have called and tried to find someone who would even just listen, let alone had the time to take their head out of their ass, long enough and get past all of the bureaucracy, to understand what a monumental find for all of mankind, this truly is. Politically, this is about Power and Control. Every door that I have opened, each group that I have talked with, each person that I have told my story to, wasn't interested in the truth, only the cause and effect it may have on the *controlled sheep* of the world, who will blindly follow any flag of authority as they are willingly lead to the slaughter. It is time to stop listening to what '*they*' want us to believe. I know what I have seen, and it was not any **Weather Balloons or Crash Test Dummies!!!**

I did not choose to become a spokesman for this cause, nor do I want to be in the spot light. This has been like a cancer eating at me from the inside-out. I do not have all of the answers, but I can no longer stand ideally-by when confronted by such ignorance. I believe in America, our freedoms, rights and the truth to live the best we can, but I am a patriot to an even higher moral stand. And that is, to shed light into the darkness of fear. We have for too long, lost control and given over our true rights, to think for ourselves, evolve and build together harmoniously a united focused future. We need to stop fighting among ourselves and reach inside as a species, driven to bettering all of us, the human race as one living community. The time has come. We, as a united world of people, need to be told and shown the real truth about our living destiny. This is our life and no one has a right to force our heads into the sand of ignorance. **No -One!**

I have seen the truth. ***We are NOT Alone!*** The truth is a living thing and it only prospers when it is brought into the light for all to see, understand and nourish. The time has come, we must educate and prepare for our new living future.

This is not a matter of national security. It is a matter of global rights for all humankind and every living thing that inhabits this planet. There are *Too Many Secrets!* We must stop the lies, the cover-ups and all deceptions. It serves only to exhaust our energy, keeping us all fractured without direction and focus. Man is entering a time of *spiritual renaissance*. I know now, that

the human migration has once again begun to evolve. We are the chosen, and our development needs only to be freed from the harnesses of our own demise and those few humans who only want to suppress and control, slowing our steps into the light. This is not about politics, it is about knowledge and life force, the real power of the universe. It is about moving forward into the future for a better existence and enriched existence for all forms of life. *We all can move mountains - if we all move together*. Collectively-connected, our minds are the most powerful focused control that there is. There is no need for ignorance, we will evolve and no one needs to be left behind. It is time to open the box of knowledge so all can feast on our new destiny. It is time to release the facts…That extraterrestrials and humans have been and are currently sharing technology, territory and the journey into the future of a common destiny.

Let it be known**:** that currently, all of the extraterrestrials that fly in, out and through our planet's air space, are not the *real enemy* here. Our true enemy - is quite possibly, from and within our own camp… Think about it.

Robert: Why have you chose to come forward - now?

Jonathan: I want my life back! It is my responsibility to come forward and talk about what I have experienced for many reasons, primarily my own personal safety and well-being. I do not know all of the answers. To set the record straight - I am not a *prophet, psychic, fortune teller, do-gooder, abductee or alien hunter.* Nor have I, at any time worked for any *government agency*. I am just a simple guy, that was in the right place, at the *wrong* time. If anything, I am just a man, a teacher who saw something incredible. Incredibly interesting on the surface but nightmarishly disturbing in reality. Before any of this happened to me, I never believed in *ET's, flying saucers or conspiracies*. I have learned that there are things that go '*Bump in the Night*' that aren't always just what we think they are or what others want us to believe. Now, I see things much differently. If all of this hadn't hit me in the face, I'd still be working 7 to 6, planning my next Spring vacation and taking my dog Suzy, for a walk. I know that there will be those who will not believe my story and others like it, and that's okay. We all have to find are own way here. I have learned to open my eyes and see beyond the end of my nose, to new possibilities. We will all soon be able to see far beyond our

own back yards, into an expanding exciting universe and a new way of life. We will all soon learn more about new Alternative Physics and Hyper Power Sources that are only known to a very few, at this time. There is so much that we do not understand now but soon, I trust, we all will.

We need to open our minds and our hearts and create a new supportive forum, to nurture those of us who have experienced *first hand*, and who want to disclose our experiences in a non-threatening and positive amnesty program. If not, then we are all truly an endangered species.

My plans now - are to continue investigating all the origins of this phenomena, other evidence and documented government deceit pertaining to extraterrestrial involvement in and around my life. I plan to meet with others who are willing to join forces, to educate and release their information to the mass public, giving them a chance and opportunity to decide for themselves without suppression from any *heavy-handed Overlords*.

Currently, there is physical evidence that support the facts that the Earth is undergoing some sort of *time-compression or warping* causing all Earth-time and life to be speeding up and compressing. There will be many physical, physiological and psychological displays making this evident, causing disruption all over the world. We all need to ask better questions and put a huge amount of pressure on our elected officials to release all of the hidden information, and take action now! The quickening has begun, and we must be prepared for an awakening of the fantastic journey still ahead for all of us.

The 'past' is history, and 'tomorrow' will only be the results of today's implemented actions. The time is now - we have the right to understand what is happening all around us and to us. We deserve the right to evolve.

All I ask, is that the people need to expand their thinking about all of this, and judge for themselves… It has incredibly changed my life forever.

This is an exciting time to be living! We must all find a way to set aside our differences, work in harmony to focus on the dynamic changes that are about to happen to our world, and together we shall embrace the quest for a

challenging future. Together, I believe humans can make a difference, and demand to be treated with respect and the truth.

We can handle it!

* * * * *

The last words that Jonathan spoke to me that day; "*I now know that there are more things between heaven and Earth, than can ever be dreamed of…* This is not over for any of us…it is only the start. We have a lot of work to do. Are you, Robert, interested in helping me? Or, *don't* You believe in… ***Little Blue Men*** **?"**

… By finishing this book with Jonathan Reed,
you now know just what my answer was…
And so, the ***odyssey*** continues.

*NOTE to Readers: The First Printing / Publishing of this Book was in January 2000.

POST SCRIPT

As the new Millennium paces on, and while most find themselves posturing to make some sense out of all the superficial anarchy, Dr. Reed and I have continued to strive against all odds, to push *the truth* regarding *extraterrestrial alien life* into the light. With the on-going perpetuation of this odyssey, so very much has taken place, that it is hard to know just where to begin.

Since finishing the manuscript but still without a published book, we decided to take the story *to the people*, in the hope of securing some *personal* safety. Exclusively breaking the story, by speaking to a global listening audience on the *Coast to Coast AM Radio program* with *Mr. Art Bell on the 'Premier Radio Network',* Jonathan's incredible ordeal has now ignited a *feeding-frenzy of interest* from well over *twenty-million people* world-wide. Art Bell *himself*, after receiving, viewing and publishing some of the photographic-evidence on his *web-site*, stated publicly that**:** '*Dr. Reed's photos and video* were some of the *most amazing alien-extraterrestrial photos that He'd ever seen!'* After again being asked personally by Mr. Bell to reappear on his renowned radio-show three separate times, there has been a tremendous out-pouring of good-will and concern, receiving literally thousands of e-mails and letters in support of Jonathan's quest. People from *nine countries* and from all different walks of life have sent cards, gifts and even going as far as offering Jonathan a *safe-haven* in their own homes, in order to help him continue to safely achieve his goals. A broad spectrum of International organizations around the world have invited Dr. Reed to come and speak at a variety of *educational conference seminars* with the intent of hearing *first-hand*, the fascinating detailed description of his alien encounter and viewing the astounding physical evidence. Soon after releasing his *e-mail address* on the radio program, Jonathan received an message confirming that his friend, *Gary* was *alive* but still in hiding. Unfortunately, Gary died shortly after meeting up again, with Jonathan.

During the excitement of the moment and possibly being forced into facing unfamiliar territory, there are *those* who have suggested that the only reason

that Dr. Reed has pursued this quest, was for *personal financial gain.* After presenting the photographic evidence to several select confidential *UFO groups* around the world, Jonathan received a generous proposal from an independent, *affluent Asian philanthropist and collector*, offering to purchase the video tape including all reserved rights, for the substantiated sum of ***1.5 million dollars.*** That *offer and others* have been immediately *rejected* by Jonathan in fear that once sold, the video taped evidence of his alien encounter, would possibly be *privately-shelved forever* and never again see the light of day and/or ever again be made available to be openly-shown to the public.

Dr. Reed has instead, chose to enlist the help from a hand-picked select few, who like himself are committed and only interested in preserving and protecting the evidence, making it now available to the masses through an *International lecturing tour and exhibition*, including the '*Link*-artifact'**.** And in this way, forever insuring that *no-one* will be denied the opportunity to witness the *physical evidence* and be a part of this *astonishing experience.*

Finding a *publisher* who was willing to represent us and this story has been truly a nightmare, in itself. After *signing on the dotted-line* with <u>four</u> separate well-respected publishing houses, each one suddenly *backed-out* of their contracts. Sighting, everything from being physically burned-out of their business and harassed and subjected to life-threatening ordeals of their own, to personally admitting, since meeting with us, that they all had been visited by *groups of strange men* asking indignant questions regarding *Dr. Reed* and his whereabouts.

In pursuing the process of delivering this story to the people, we have continued to meet with profound opposition from almost every aspect imaginable. Not only have we both encountered continuing personal threats and harassment but it has now extended to our families, friends and associates. Demoralizing, defamation of character and destructive psychological assignation through lies and harassment will no longer be tolerated in any form, and will hereon be met with the strongest litigation possible.

* ***Knowledge is Power -*** and *Dr. Reed* has acquired a *unique* and vast sum of it.

Since releasing the story to the public, many of the items listed in *the Epilogue* of the book, have already begun to emanate, supporting the facts and information that Jonathan is so diligently trying to push to the surface for all to see.

- The *mass evolution* that Jonathan spoke of has silently begun to take hold. Now infesting and dividing in the shadows, even the top *UFOlogists* among themselves with a *smoke-screen of misinformation* regarding the true existence of extraterrestrial life, totally maintaining our inability to see and understand the changing realities that are continuing to happen all around us.
- The public is starting to ask questions of the government regarding the increasing facts and evidence relating to the strange '*chem-trails*' in the sky that are being formed over most of the larger cities in the United States and Canada.
- The closer that we come, *in time* to the Millennium, the greater the number and the more frequent *UFO sightings* are being reported and verified, even within the science communities of the world.
- Only recently, has the *scientific community* openly admitted to the facts regarding the discovery of *two new solar systems* with positive knowledge of *'earth-like'* planets, as Jonathan had described well over a year ago.
- Huge *blue-green spheres of energy* and *black triangles* have been reported *ascending* and *descending* into the sea, like *clock-work*, in and around the areas of the *Philippine Islands* in the Pacific ocean and also just south of *St. Thomas* in the Atlantic. Another interesting fact about these sightings is that along with each and every *UFO* observed, there also appeared to be *black military aircraft* escorting them *to and from* each specific area.
- The world watches as the *Middle East, Yugoslavia, India and China* are targeted for *political and economic destruction*, only in truth to be used as *black diversions*, again keeping our attention occupied and away from the increasing *invisible alien presence* on and around our planet. Soon, there will be more evidence that Jonathan has indicated, of other world-wide events displaying a continuing *universal escalating compression,* playing havoc on and in every aspect of our everyday lives.

Throughout this entire fascinating episode and in committing to introduce the public to the remarkable facts related to this amazing odyssey, it has been truly *baffling* to me that there still remains a constant *'hands-off'* attitude from within the *professional news media.* If this was simply a *natural disaster*, like a *Tornado* or *Earth Quake* or even a major *Fire,* we all would be concerned and covering it, like *white-on-rice!* We are usually, *ready and willing*, to drop just about everything to help *those people* in need.

With everything that has been observed and witnessed, proven and verified by independent sources. With all of the *hard-evidence* presented and pristinely documented photographically, both on film and video tape. And most importantly, the reality that a highly educated man of resounding humility and integrity, who's life has been fractured and destroyed beyond belief… has now courageously come forward on his own to tell his extraordinary story. Not only to deliver the facts about one of the most dynamic extraterrestrial events of modern time but also to expose the truth regarding the global governmental *UFO cover-ups and conspiracies* all around the world. The question remains**:** *Where* is the *professional news and information community* when we need them? *Why* won't they come forward and help protect people like *Dr. Reed* from the extortionary-grip of the *dark sub-governmental forces* keeping the rest of us all from ever hearing and seeing the truth? Is the *media* and other information sources being somehow controlled and/or manipulated? *Why?* Don't we have a *right to know the truth* about what is really happening to our planet?

As I see it, the *tragic constants* that continue to plague and adhere, not only to this exceptional case but to *all UFO* and *extraterrestrial alien events*, are as follows.

Why, when we are given a substantial amount of hard evidence from people and events from all over the world, do we continue to only believe the *propaganda and disinformation* that is constantly *force-feed* to us on a *condescending platter*. Why do we believe, that the tired old *song and dance,* that says: It *must* be a '*hoax'* if its not on the *six o'clock TV News and coming out of the President's mouth.* Are we so blind, to only listen and believe the descending words of those *incensed few,* who have never experienced anything on their own, greater than their own disappointing

lives, and with that - are bitterly left to only harass and fear that which they do not understand. Why does anyone support the *few* who advocate the destruction of hope, new ideas and the evolution of an open-mind? It is truly a mystery to me, that before anyone has personally experienced seeing the proof and evidence *up-close* for themselves, that some people are *hell-bent* on condemning that which they know nothing about or have any conception of. As I recall, there were those in the past who where *crucified* because of their choice to believe in a different road to follow. Maybe its time that we all need to listen to a *different drummer* like *Dr. Reed,* and open-up our minds and witness the *new truth* for ourselves, and with *our-own* eyes.

I sometimes wonder just what it will take, before we as a nation or *world people* will ever put an end to the enormous *cover-ups* relating to *UFO's and extraterrestrial involvement* with the human race? We *now* have some of the most commanding and compelling evidence of alien existence, in our hands than ever before. Are we *ever* going to remove the *blinders of doubt*, and finally stand firmly together to support the courageous few, who continue to deliver the facts regarding *the physical existence of intelligent extraterrestrial life*? *They* need our help! I'm beginning to believe, that we have been sequestered from the truth for so long, that we may not even recognize it - even if it stood-up and *hit us right in the face!*

From the *United States to Europe, Japan, Mexico* and *Egypt* - we have recently returned, gathering together information and a team of professionals dedicated to exposing the *global extraterrestrial cover-ups*, *displaying the physical evidence* and supporting people like *Dr. Reed and others* who have personally witnessed the true naked-reality, and are now willing to come forward in-safety and tell their story.

As *alien-crafts* fly overhead at an exponentially-increasing rate, its time that we demand better answers to our questions regarding the *existence of Alien life*, from those who we have *elected to serve as our leaders*, if that *is* what they are.

Through an International Consortium and with great trepidation and perseverance, Jonathan has even gone as far as directly submitting his

findings to a special *United States Congressional Panel* investigating the *UFO* phenomena. *But*, is there *anyone listening**?***

As in *the air that we breathe*, just because *you* can't see something - doesn't mean that it's not there. I will say, that when I first was introduced to all of this insanity, I *also* felt skeptical… until I met *Dr. Reed*, *heard the story* and saw the *physical evidence for myself*. I *now*, not only *believe this man* and know that he is *telling the truth* but I've seen it, felt it and become a part of it, myself. One thing I also know for sure**:** When you're getting *too-close* to *the truth*, some people become *extremely nervous and dangerous.*

With great tenacity and sheer determination, with help from many *special people* around the world, *Dr. Jonathan Reed*, though paying a huge personal price, has given the rest of us the opportunity to *personally experience* his incredible journey… and to somewhat understand all that he has gone through in trying to bring the emotional truth, regarding *the existence of intelligent extraterrestrial-Alien life* and *his personal encounter* finally out into the open for all to see and witness**.**

In closing, **we want to *thank you* all**, who in your own way, have supported and helped to bring all of this information into the *mainstream* and out of the *darkness.*

The next time that *you're* out on a clear night and you look up at the stars, just stop for a moment and think, how very little we truly know, about *what's really out there**…***

*B*ecause - *believe it or not -*

The Extraterrestrials Are Here **-** *We're Not Alone**…** as Dr. Reed knows all-too-well**…*** and, now - *so do* ***you.***

The rest of this story and just how it may all eventually *play-out* effecting us all,
could depend upon you realizing *the new-truth…* so, *judge for yourself**…***
and, ***keep watching the Sky….***

Additional information that has been released, as of 2013.

In June of 1999, tissue, blood and skull / bone fragments that had been preciously taken from the alien creature, that had been successfully preserved and hidden away, were again taken to a major university pathology Dept. for analysis, resulting in astonishing findings, with a DNA Study that was performed.

1) *Findings indicated; that the creature has 46 chromosomes, the same number as in humans.*
2) *In looking closer into the creature's DNA pairs, 9 were only similar to that of Sea Turtles, and Dolphins. All others, were the same as in humans.*

**Concluding that this creature was somehow created and/or genetically engineered, using DNA from human, and other earth-based mammals and/or animals.*

Note: To Date; (10/2013), Human Science currently does not have the skills nor advanced technologies to be able to "create" this living being nor the blending of DNA genetic materials. Not even in a test tube… ***(Harold Chacon – Microbiologist).***

VIDEOS:

Art Bell Interviews with Dr. Jonathan Reed

1 - **Nov 06, 1998** = Dr. Reed's co-author, Robert Raith, sender of the "Wanna take a ride?" fax that kicked this whole thing off, is interviewed in his 1st guest appearance on the Art Bell Program.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=638bmYFwo9Y

2 -**Nov 11, 1998** = Dr. Jonathan Reed, Robert Raith both guests on the Art Bell Radio Program.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6lOAFSzkJ3Y

3 -**Nov 18, 1998** = Dr. Jonathan Reed, Robert Raith both guests on the Art Bell Radio Program.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-hOzf2FxSSU

4 -**Dec 9, 1999** = Dr. Jonathan Reed, Robert Raith both, Larry Arthur and Harold Chacon guests on the Art Bell Radio Program.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9T8XXwEXLkg

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5 - **The Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed's Extraterrestrial Encounter**
(Full Presentation)
International UFO Congress ,September 15.2000
Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed
Dr. Jonathan Reed -Alien Encounter-Real Alien Encounter
Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
-Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NPZdjflHlz4

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6 - **Dr. Jonathan Reed- Link Artifact (Otro Rollo) Program ,**
(FULL PROGRAM) SPANISH
Dr. Jonathan Reed on Otro Rollo
(FULL PROGRAM)
June 26, 2001

THIS PROGRAM HAS BEEN RE-PLAYED 14 TIMES - AND IN 21 COUNTRIES AROUND THE WORLD.

Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E7ZKmmum7WE

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7 – **UFO Congress 2002**
Dr.Jonathan Reed ,update (2)

Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iYqSXfKAEx8

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8 - **Dr. Jonathan Reed- Out There TV Interview** (FULL INTERVIEW)
Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6bEpWZxyHKs

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9 - **Dr. Jonathan Reed - OVNI PROGRAM**
(Spanish) Jaime Maussan
Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4ozCdt8DHFk

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10 - **II CONGRESO MUNDIAL DE OVNILOGIA, VIDA EXTRATERRESTRE Y EL HOMBRE EN EL ESPACIO 2005 - ALFA Y OMEGA.**

Dr. Jonathan Reed en Alfa Y Omega. Contactado E.T.
II World Congress of ufology, ALIEN LIFE AND MAN IN SPACE 2005 - ALPHA AND OMEGA.
(FULL CONFERENCE)
Dr. Jonathan Reed on Alpha and Omega. Contacted E.T.

Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed
Dr. Jonathan Reed -Alien Encounter-Real Alien Encounter
Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
-Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=leOfFsILC8s

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11 - **Dr Jonathan Reed- Documentary (FULL DOCUMENTARY) 2009**
LINK:An Extraterrestrial Odyssey.May 9th, 2009
The True Story of Alien Contact

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y-B4-fXUg-o

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12 - **Dr. Jonathan Reed Requiem Documentary (FULL DOCUMENTARY)**

ODISEALINK II REQUIEM: The Chronicles of Jonathan Reed - October 15, 2009

Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ALlazokVQAQ
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13 - Dr. Jonathan Reed -Lecture 2009 (FULL LECTURE)
Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5ST8MX24Fis
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14 - 2011 CONTACT - Candid Interview with Dr. Jonathan Reed.
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed
Alien Contact

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cRxZBB9jyeA
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15 - Dr. Jonathan Reed on LNM RADIO NETWORK and Paranormal Perception. Hosted by Lady Red. November 2,2012
Best Evidence of Alien Contact in The History of Mankind
Case of Dr. Jonathan Reed.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=emk3Gn1S8ys

“Suzy” She was always there for me.
I miss her so much.

How to Contact Us:

OnLine at : www.OdiseaLink.com

Email : DrReedLINK@AOL.com

Facebook : DrJonathan Reed

You also may contact us…

By Snail Mail : Spectrum Infinity Press
P.O. Box 16007
Seattle, WA (USA) 98116

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- Please include your full name, mailing address and your check.
- Allow approximately four to six weeks for delivery, by USMAIL.

Thank you for all of your interest and support.

Be Safe, *and keep watching the skies…*